

AP
4
.

THE FORTNIGHTLY

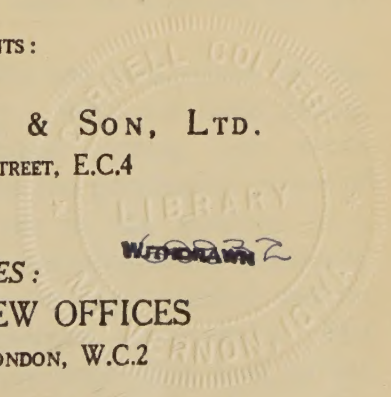
JANUARY TO JUNE, 1939
VOL. CXLV. NEW SERIES
(VOL. CLI OLD SERIES)

EDITORIAL OFFICES :
13 BUCKINGHAM STREET, STRAND, W.C.2

PUBLISHING AGENTS :
LONDON :
HORACE MARSHALL & SON, LTD.
TEMPLE HOUSE, TALLIS STREET, E.C.4

UNITED STATES :
FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW OFFICES
13 BUCKINGHAM STREET, LONDON, W.C.2

The Right of Translation is reserved



THE FORTNIGHTLY

JANUARY, 1939

NATIONAL ADVERTISEMENT

By SIR ARTHUR WILLERT

THE Prime Minister was asked in Parliament the other day whether the Government would "consider the desirability of establishing a special press and propaganda department" to supply "straight British news" abroad in order to combat the anti-British propaganda of "certain other countries". Laconic as ever, he answered that measures were being taken to organize British publicity upon a more extensive scale than in the past.

But are these measures as effective as they ought to be? We have always been bad advertisers as a nation. In the pre-war days this did not much matter. Bismarck might have taught the German Foreign Office to manipulate the press; the processes of the American democracy might have established an organized and mutually useful contact between the Government and press; we, the Americans and the French might 'show the flag' about the world and organize international exhibitions; the Kaiser might indulge in his peripatetic exhibitionism; but there was no organized large-scale national propaganda for us to compete with. Also our position was not seriously challenged.

Now things are very different. We are confronted by the most formidable rivals in our history. With our little island, over-industrialized and over-populated during our trade supremacy of the last century and with the purchasing power of the world grievously reduced, we are in the position of a Department Store which, after a long and prosperous monopoly in a rich community, finds its customers impoverished and its monopoly smashed by new and vigorous competitors. The directors of such a store would, if they were wise, look to the efficiency of their advertising almost as much as to the quality of their goods. Our competitors are doing this, Germany in

particular, as will be shown presently, is spending vast sums upon propaganda for advertising her trade and increasing her prestige. Propaganda, too, has become an essential part of military preparedness. It helped us to win the last war. In another war it would be even more important. And, like all armaments, it must be organized in advance. If we are to gain our case before the world during war, we must develop and consolidate publicity channels now. Other countries are doing it.

There are roughly six principal media of propaganda and national advertisement. They are the press, films, wireless, trade publicity, tourist propaganda and all the many activities which can be lumped together under the name of cultural propaganda.

For a free press such as ours to play its rôle in national propaganda three things are mainly needed—a good Foreign Office Press Bureau; politicians who will use this Bureau; and an adequate system for the distribution of British news abroad. About the first requisite I am not, perhaps, the person to offer an opinion, seeing that I used to be head of the Foreign Office News Department. But, having now watched its workings from a dispassionate distance for some years, I shall risk the opinion that, in spite of an inadequately small staff, it works well and can, when given the opportunity, fulfil efficiently its two chief functions. These functions are first, the emission of news and the giving of guidance as to the trends and purposes of British policy to our press and to the foreign Press; and, secondly, counter-propaganda, that is to say the protection of British policy from misinterpretation at home and abroad. Both in my time and since the Foreign Office has often been accused of undue reticence. In my time, at any rate, the accusation sometimes was justified. But it lay, I like to think, against the politicians rather than against the News Department. A press officer, timidly and negatively briefed by his political superiors, is no more good than a telephone with an inaudible voice at the far end of it. And British press officers are apt to be inadequately briefed.

I remember my amazement at the frank accessibility of those in charge of the State Department when I went to Washington

as a newspaper correspondent before the War. Even a callow junior like myself was able from time to time to have private audience of the Secretary of State—and to see him virtually every day in company with the other journalists assigned to “cover” foreign affairs. It was the same at the White House. My first sight of Theodore Roosevelt was when I was taken by my chief to be introduced to him. It was just before lunch. We were received, as journalists often were, while he was being shaved in his office. I can see him now tilted back in his chair, his eyes and spectacles flashing above the lather, his volubility unaffected either by it or by the deftly twinkling razor of the negro barber. I commented upon this accessibility to a veteran American correspondent. “Yes” he said, “the American democracy has got its servants well trained. It is very different, I know, with you. I reported the whole of Gladstone’s Midlothian campaign and was never allowed even to shake hands with the great man”. Our public men still lag behind those of other countries in matters of organized publicity. In Paris the Prime Minister or Foreign Minister is almost as accessible to responsible journalists as the President or Foreign Minister in Washington. In London it is an event for the Prime Minister or the Foreign Minister to see the Press either *en masse* or separately. And when they do see the press they are as likely as not to help neither themselves nor the journalists. Of the various Foreign Ministers during my time at the Foreign Office—from 1921 to 1935—only one of them could be relied upon not to do more harm than good in his press interviews. He was the late Mr. Arthur Henderson. He alone of British Cabinet Officers with whom I have worked (I never worked with Mr. Lloyd George) was alertly and constructively publicity-conscious. He alone was consistently successful in his personal dealings with the press.

That same British modesty which renders self-advertisement so rare among our politicians can doubtless be made to account for our carelessness in regard to the organization and inspiration of State publicity. It is also obviously difficult for a school of statesmanship so long inculcated with the idea of the inevitable and automatic supremacy of Great Britain in world affairs to realize how things have changed in that respect and how

thoroughly the present precariousness of our position, both political and economic, justifies the growing demand for an adequate system of national advertisement.

Nowhere has the unhelpful indifference of "Whitehall" been more noticeable than in regard to the distribution of British news abroad. The principal agencies for the distribution are the British News Agencies. News Agencies are the huge organizations which have grown up in all countries for the collection of news and its distribution to the newspapers. There are two types of them, namely, the privately controlled commercial agencies and the agencies which are State-controlled or at least State-aided. Reuters—our leading agency in the foreign field—and the two big American agencies, the Associated Press and the United Press, are the principal commercial agencies. On the other side are the *Deutsche Nachrichten Büros* of Germany, *Stefani* of Italy, *Domei* of Japan, *Tass* of Russia and the State-aided, though not State-controlled, *Havas* of France. Here, in the United States and the big European countries, news distribution is to all intents and purposes in the hands of the local agencies. But in the outside world there is intense competition between the big agencies. This competition is not going well for us. Whereas the great agencies just enumerated are helped by their Governments, and the American agencies have the immense advantage of an enormous home market and, especially in regard to Latin America, of a favourable geographical position, Reuters and the other British agencies have to fight unaided. It is not, therefore, surprising that Reuters should be losing the monopoly which it has established in the old days for British news in the Far East and should be quite unable to compete with its rivals in South America. This is serious. If trade in the old days followed the flag, it now more and more follows the news. And what about our propaganda in war-time, if the news-channels have been pre-empted by other countries?

The next *media* of propaganda on my list were the films and the wireless. There also other countries have got ahead of us. So far as the film goes this may have been inevitable. The size of their home market helps the American film producer to sell abroad as much as or more than it does the American news agencies.

and in Russia and the totalitarian countries production is State-aided. But one wonders if our often excellent news and educational films might not be doing better, were the Government more alertly behind them. In any case there seems no reason why, with the best of all broadcasting organizations at our disposal, we should not do more to meet the wireless propaganda of the totalitarian countries than we are doing. The modest foreign language programme, which recent events have forced the B.B.C. to introduce after years of procrastination, and its Empire Service are a feeble answer to the immense volume of wireless propaganda with which those countries ceaselessly encircle the world. As for trade and tourist propaganda, lack of correlation is still the chief handicap, though in recent years a central body (the Travel Association) has with some government assistance, done good work both at home and abroad, especially in the matter of visiting tourists.

So much, very briefly, for the bad side of the situation. There are also the beginnings, though only the beginnings, of a good side. There are, in the first place, the activities of the British Council. The British Council was started in 1934. It is a characteristic British institution. It is financed partly by the Government and partly by private subscriptions. It consists partly of Government officials and partly of non-official people with the appropriate special knowledge. Its chairman is non-official. The membership of its Executive Committee is non-party. A Conservative Chairman, Lord Lloyd of Dolobran, is balanced by Mr. Attlee and Mr. Alexander on the Labour side and by Sir Archibald Sinclair, the Liberal leader. The Council works on excellent lines both in co-ordinating existing agencies and in establishing new ones. It looks after cultural propaganda. It encourages and helps British Institutes abroad, Anglo-foreign societies and other such organizations. It founds or helps British lectureships abroad. It helps British schools abroad. It sends out British periodicals. It builds up British libraries. It arranges for the exchange of students and teachers with foreign countries. But its activities, though they have developed greatly in recent years, are still on far too small a scale, simply because the support it receives from the Government is inadequate.

This is best shown by comparative statistics. Last year our Government gave about £60,000 towards the expenses of the British Council; this year the sum is over £100,000. Perhaps as much more will be collected from private subscribers. To this £200,000 must be added the pittances which the Government spends upon encouraging tourists and so on. But even so, it is safe to say that we are spending less than £250,000 of public money on propaganda and national advertisement abroad. And what are the expenditures of other European countries? France and Italy, we know, spend more than a million sterling annually, and Germany, we suspect, spends at least £4,000,000.

British official niggardliness thus places the British Council at about as great a disadvantage in popularizing British culture abroad as the British News Agencies are in spreading British news. What then did Mr. Chamberlain mean when he spoke of the steps being taken for the more extensive organization of British publicity? He was presumably alluding to the work of a Committee set up about a year ago under the chairmanship of Sir Robert Vansittart, the Diplomatic Adviser of the Government, to consider and co-ordinate the efforts already being made to promote British publicity abroad. This prompts the hope that the results of the Committee's labours may soon begin to be apparent.

In the meantime on what lines ought our minds to be working? Ought the Government to be encouraged to establish a "special press and publicity department" or even a Propaganda Ministry such as exists in the totalitarian countries, which would take over and make completely official the work of the British Council, the Travel Association and other propaganda organizations? Ought Reuters' agency to be subsidized and brought under such a Ministry? Ought the propaganda activities of the films and of the B.B.C. to come under it also? The answer to these and similar questions is emphatically in the negative. Neither a subsidized news agency nor a central propaganda organization is compatible with our democracy. From subsidizing a news agency it is only a short step to controlling the intelligence it emits. The freedom of the press would be gravely menaced if the Government exercised that control over the news which Reuters and other British agencies give us

As for a central propaganda Ministry, the objections to it are so obvious as to suggest that its advocates either have not thought things out or have a (probably unconscious) bias towards totalitarianism. A central propaganda Ministry would inevitably be used by the party in power to help it to stay in power. It would become an adjunct of its Chief Whips' office, kept up by the tax-payer. It can have a logical place only in a totalitarian State, or in a democracy which has temporarily jettisoned the freedom of the press and the other processes of popular government and has gone totalitarian in order to win a war.

The right lines for the organization of our Government policy at home and abroad are those of the machinery which we have gradually and instinctively set up since the War, namely, a publicity department for each Ministry and, for national propaganda abroad, a body like the British Council working closely with the Foreign Office News Department and with the other Government publicity departments. Especially if co-ordinated by some such authority as Sir Robert Vansittart's committee, there is no reason why such a system should not work well at home and abroad, provided that sufficient funds are at its disposal. Sufficient funds are, indeed, the first essential step for adequate British publicity.

Our politicians must realize that the days are over when publicity could be pushed into the background as an inevitable, but luckily subordinate, nuisance. They must realize that, if only on account of what other countries are doing, national publicity must be taken really seriously as an integral part of national policy. That means that the Treasury instead of being allowed to dole out each year a miserable £200,000, or even £300,000, for it, must be instructed to make the sum at least as much as is needed for the construction of a third-class war-vessel. Were even a million pounds to be available to the British Council and for the co-ordination and assistance of our other agencies of national publicity, then the problems glanced at in this article would have been advanced an effective stage towards solution.

THE 'PENAL REFORM' BILL

By MARGERY FRY

THE last quarter of a century has seen a number of ideas till then almost unknown, gradually seeping through our penal administration. Ideas that are indeed, to no small extent, rivulets of that larger flood which has overwhelmed our whole estimate of human nature.

The notion of the human being as a kind of calculating machine, rationally predicting future probabilities from past experience, and acting, almost automatically, on the result of such calculations, has gone into the limbo appropriate to *a priori* theories. It was a convenient one for the penal lawyer or administrator: a certain quantity of suffering inflicted would produce, through memory or observation, enough apprehension to counteract the attraction of wrong doing. All that was required was to calculate the minimum punishment to produce the desired effect. Some such calculation, undoubtedly, was pre-supposed in our pre-War penology; but the *minimum* suffering was not always to be applied, since a further calculation was required to determine the needs of the moral sense of the community as vicarious vengeance. The offender was expected to react to punishment in a rational, not to say mechanical way. Yet the briefest introspection would have shown that no one is ever so purely reasonable.

To give up tobacco, to advance our bed-time, to spend no more than we ought on taxis or hats:- the smallest change in our habitual actions may be shown to be desirable by every calculation of enlightened self-interest, yet even people so educated and disciplined as the readers of THE FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW will, if they are honest with themselves, admit that they act on such a calculation only after an effort of will of which "the lesser tribes without the Law" may well be incapable.

Laziness, dislike or lack of alternative ways of keeping

body and soul together, even pleasure in one's own skill*—all these are intelligible at the first glance. But modern psychology has also furnished us with a number of less obvious mechanisms hindering the simple reaction to motives of anticipation. The formation of habit may come from many causes: when once formed, habit, not only of action but of thought, has often a force more potent than the impulse from calculations of hope or fear. And amongst the habits of thought none is more important than a person's estimate of themselves, the form in which they are accustomed to appear to themselves. "I'm not a prostitute, dearie. I'm a *thief*" said a woman to me once, and evidently *saw* herself as a thief as naturally as anyone else might contemplate themselves in a more reputable professional capacity. Other people are so accustomed to regard themselves as "good" that it is possible for them to go a long way in duplicity without a twinge of conscience.

Now the inconvenience of his actions to the community is much the same, whatever the attitude of the law-breaker. But this question of his attitude becomes extremely important when we consider what should be the main aim of all penal administration, *viz.*, the maximum prevention of crime with the minimum interference with individual liberty. The "habitual criminal" is a confession of failure of such administration, and it is worth much expenditure of time, thought, and money to prevent his manufacture. I say advisedly "manufacture". There are, no doubt, some criminals born not made. Under whatever name they go—"moral imbeciles" is the term of modern law—they are more and more becoming recognized as pathological cases. Until mental science is far more advanced, the best that can be hoped for is to recognize them early if their "crimes" are of a dangerous nature, and to segregate them from the opportunities of anti-social action.

The fact that they do exist is a powerful argument in favour of centres where young offenders can be, for a continuous period, under expert observation. The new Bill provides for such

*Some years ago the authorities at Holloway Prison received at intervals a woman convicted of picking pockets. She lived for the most part a decent and respectable life, but every few months an irresistible desire for the sport—at which she excelled—drove her out into the street again, with a fresh conviction resulting.

centres, and it is much to be hoped that in future all young persons convicted of crimes likely to be symptoms of abnormality, as acts of wanton cruelty, will be sent for diagnosis.*

Within recent years our courts have become much more alive to the need for enquiry into the mental condition of accused persons. This undoubtedly accounts to some extent for the large number of men and women who are sent to prison on remand or for trial before conviction but are not afterwards sent to prison on conviction (8,320 for the year 1937). Some of the minor, but extremely useful provisions of the new Bill would allow the court, where they are satisfied that the offence for which a person is charged has been committed by him, but think that enquiry should be made into his mental condition, to remand him on bail with a condition that he should undergo a medical examination—if necessary residing for the purpose in an institution. This will relieve magistrates of the necessity of remanding to prison for these examinations, a practice which though the examination is undoubtedly useful, is hardly in accordance with the principle that bail should only be refused where the accused is likely not to appear for trial.

But let us leave for the time being the question of abnormal offenders and return to consider those who are nearer to the norm of reason to which perhaps, in fact, none of us ever quite attains. It is with them that the present Bill is primarily concerned. If one can trace a main line of purpose running through its eighty sections, it may be said to be this: to prevent the casual offender from becoming the habitual offender, to keep the young delinquent from turning into the "Public Enemy". It is on these lines that the Bill is memorable, that it shows imagination and understanding unusual in criminal legislation and a courage rare in any legislation at all. As such it may be the starting-point of a new tactic in the fight against crime, not confined to our country alone.

To go through all the provisions of the Bill would be tedious, but, taking as a clue its main theme, that prisons are more ap

*A good many years ago a bench of magistrates had to try a youth for outrageous brutality to a hen. The idea of mental examination of offenders was then new, and the Clerk ruled that the Bench could not obtain such an examination. The youth was afterwards found guilty of the murder of his aunt. Similar cases could be multiplied.

breed prisoners for the future than good citizens, we see that it is round this idea that many of its proposals must be grouped if we are to understand them rightly.

Probation is to be strengthened, though many people will feel that it has lost a very valuable element if, in the interests of legal logic, the provision by which the lower courts bind over on probation without a formal conviction is abandoned. The services which probation officers render to young persons who, without having committed offences, need "care or protection", are "beyond control", or truants, are to be made more efficacious by the possibility of contributions towards their maintenance by the probation committee. This would bring the treatment of these non-offenders into line with that of the offenders, and make possible in their case, too, the temporary expedient, so useful in many cases, of "boarding out".

In passing we may note that this should help to relieve the present intolerable pressure on the approved schools: a child may now have to stay in a remand home for several months waiting for a vacancy. Boarding out will certainly not supersede education in residential schools, but in some cases it is definitely more suitable. It is also more economical, costing about £40 per annum per child as opposed to £80 for his treatment in a school. But the former figure will certainly have to be increased if the method is widely used, since some kind of inspection will have to be introduced.

For the young offender who is not sent away from home a new form of penalty is provided on lines which have for some time past been tentatively discussed. "Compulsory Attendance Centres" (for ages 17-21) and "Juvenile Compulsory Attendance Centres" (for ages 14-16) may be provided, at which delinquents may be required to attend for "appropriate occupation and instruction" at times which will, so far as practicable, not interfere with school or working hours. This is, in fact, a new form of the old punishment of being "kept in". It may be used either instead of other modes of treatment, or in default of payment of a fine which has been ordered.

For years past the Prison Commissioners have drawn attention in their reports to the numbers of lads sent to prison—sometimes for very trivial offences indeed, such as begging or sleeping out.

With the passing of the Money Payments Act this number has been diminishing, but the provision of these "Attendant Centres" should do away altogether with this class of imprisonment. The aim of the Centres—their name is too uninspired and clumsy to repeat in full—was well described by the Home Secretary in his speech in the debate on the second reading of the Bill :

The idea was that they would be ordered to attend those centres on Saturday afternoon or in the evenings, that they would be deprived of their leisure, that they would not have the fun of going to a football match or film, and that they would be made to look rather ridiculous among the rest of their friends ; and that, during their attendance at these centres they would be made to do some useful job. The opportunity would be taken also to give them some kind of useful training. He imagined that the atmosphere would be—within, of course, more rigid rules—that of a well-run club or a well-run Borstal institution."

A still more constructive proposal is that for the foundation of "Howard Houses". The older boy or girl, between 16 and 21, who is slipping into criminal ways is often less a really vicious character than the victim of an unsatisfactory home. And a bad home may be very unsatisfactory even without being definitely "bad". Overcrowding, quarrelling, drunkenness, or perpetual nagging may make it intolerable : often there is a want of sympathy and understanding between parents and children which destroys all chance of real guidance at a difficult time of life. (Let us remember that relations are not always perfect at this stage even in the "best regulated families"!) Moreover, many boys and girls have either run away from home and utterly refuse to return, or are actually homeless. Those who have watched the attitude of some parents in the Children's Courts will find their sympathy often going to the side of youth. "So your son's job keeps him till 9 every night, even on Saturdays. Do you think he's happy in it?" "'E's as 'appy as 'e need to be"—expresses an all too common relationship. In such cases, the stock phrase is "needs discipline"—one is more inclined to say "needs launching". Now "launching" is just what neither a prison nor a school nor a Borstal Institution can give. They are essentially dry-docks, shut off from the tides of life. And here it is that Howard Houses may prove themselves able to carry on the work which, on a small scale, privately-run hostels are already doing, and often doing very

well.* To them young offenders may be sent for six months. It is a form of "custody", but they will be expected to go out to ordinary work in the daytime, and to make a contribution towards their maintenance out of their wages. There is nothing to show whether non-offenders can also be received on a voluntary basis in these institutions. It might be a very good thing if they *could* go to them, as it would tend to prevent the dreaded "stigma" from descending upon their original inhabitants.

Here then are two new alternatives to be placed in the hands of magistrates dealing with young people, with the express intention of avoiding their imprisonment.

And, for further security, imprisonment (now possible in the case of very unruly individuals between 15 and 16) would be entirely forbidden in the case of anyone under 16, and allowed between 16 and 17 only upon a certificate of the Court as to the unruliness or depravity of the offender. Moreover, an offender between 17 and 21 could no longer be sent to prison by a Court of Summary Jurisdiction unless the Court had considered all possible alternatives and had come to the conclusion (for which the reason must be stated in the warrant of commitment) that none of them was appropriate. The Act would make possible at any later date an Order in Council altogether forbidding the imprisonment of minors by Courts of Summary Jurisdiction.

Let us put this into actual figures, showing how many young people would have been affected by the provisions of the Bill. For the years 1935, 1936 and 1937 no young people under 16 have been sentenced to imprisonment: but the provision is useful as making illegal a practice already obsolete.

In these three years altogether 21 boys (and no girls) of 16 have had prison sentences which would under the new Bill have been illegal unless upon a certificate of unruliness or depravity.

In 1937 the number of young persons of the 17—21 age group sentenced to imprisonment by Summary Courts was 1,188. In these cases the new Bill would have made it compulsory for the Court to state its reasons for holding that

*The Bill also gives power to a Local Authority to contribute to the "enlarging and improving" of such hostels for probationers. Section 7.

no other method of dealing with the offender was appropriate. If the Order in Council which *may* be made had been actually in force, these 1,188 young persons would have been definitely excluded from prison.

Besides the Adolescents (a convenient name for the 17— group) thus sent to prison on conviction, 2,694 were during 1937 committed on remand or to await trial, and afterwards dealt with by some other method than imprisonment. If and when Remand Centres for persons from 17 up to 23 come into existence under the new Bill, the majority of this class would be saved the experience of prison.

Whilst the new law would not interfere with the power of the higher Courts to send adolescents to prison, it would undoubtedly tend to the use of other methods in their cases (numbering 166 in 1937). Thus the framers of the Bill envisage ultimately keeping practically all minors entirely out of prison—a most desirable object.

Let us see what is to become of them. As we have already noted, many of the adolescents now imprisoned are sent for minor offences. Last year 32% of the youths and 44% of the girls had not, so far as is known, been guilty of any offence before. Of the total 1,355 (between the ages of 16 and 21) 970, or over 71.5%, had sentences of 3 months or less. We may assume that most offenders of this type would be sent to Howard Houses, or dealt with as probationers. The authors of the Bill are frankly and rightly of opinion that for the young person prison is an unnecessary introduction to the life of adult criminals. They also consider that for the more serious offenders a period of Borstal training offers a more hopeful method of treatment than the longer prison sentences now given. So far, many people will agree with them, but a real difference of opinion has already shown itself as to the right way of deciding which are the cases for Borstal.

Here let us note that there are two elements in the problem. We are not simply concerned with finding the young people in the community who would be improved by a Borstal training. They must also have broken the law, and they must, we suggest, have broken it in a manner serious enough to justify the State in taking to itself the right to interfere with their lives (as

does *not* interfere with those of their contemporaries), for a period up to 4 years (3 years' detention and 1 year's supervision). If this latter condition does not obtain, you will have a sense of injustice (particularly as the offenders are mainly of the poorer classes) which is bound to militate against the success of their training, and so, incidentally, to prolong its actual length. To say this is not to bring any charge against the training itself. If you sent a man to Balliol or King's for 3 years against his will *and* against his sense of justice, the odds are he would get but little good out of it. Although to the devoted men and women who staff our Borstals their educational aspect is paramount, the element of punishment—of sentence—can never be absent.

Young men and women who for two or three years cannot dispose of their comings and goings, cannot make love or marry, cannot even be preparing for a home of their own, cannot earn more than a few pence a week, and cannot choose the company they must keep or the amusements they would follow, will inevitably ask "What have I done to be so singled out from my fellows?" And the law must be able to show just and adequate cause for what it has ordained.

Hitherto there have been fairly stiff defences against too light a use of Borstal detention. Most of these defences would be swept away by the new Bill, apparently as a sort of *quid pro quo* given to the Courts in exchange for their diminished powers of imprisonment. The proposed changes can best be studied in tabular form (noteworthy points in *italics*).

Present Conditions.

Proposed Conditions.

(Section 31)

- | | |
|---|---|
| (a) Previous conviction or term of probation during which offender has failed to observe a condition of his recognisance. | (a) <i>No previous offence necessary.</i> |
| (b) Conviction of an offence for which the penalty is at least <i>a month's imprisonment</i> without option of a fine. | (b) Conviction of <i>any</i> offence for which the Court has power to pass a sentence of imprisonment. |
| (c) <i>Criminal</i> habits or tendencies or association with bad characters. | (c) Character or habits making Borstal training expedient "with a view to his reformation and the prevention of crime." |
| (d) Sentence by a Court of Quarter Sessions or Assizes. | (d) Sentence by <i>any</i> Court (including those of Summary Jurisdiction) except in the case of offenders between 21 and 23. |

In all cases the sentence would be for a maximum period 3 years, followed by a year's supervision, but the Prison Commissioners can order release at any time after 6 months. On the other hand, a Borstal inmate who proved incorrigible or of bad influence, might be transferred for the whole remainder of his sentence to prison.

The power to sentence to Borstal without any previous offence is in itself a very serious extension of the law; the lowering of the *class* of offence for which the sentence can be given (see *b*) makes it more so. A number of very trivial offences might come in under this change of qualification, e.g. a host of "nuisances" under the Town Police Clauses Act, such as riding on the shafts of a cart which is in your care, or riding a horse upon the footway, or placing a line across the street, hanging clothes thereon, or lighting fireworks in the street, wantonly disturbing an inhabitant by ringing a door bell. It is not implied that any Court would actually *give* three years Borstal detention for a first offence of such a kind; they are quoted to show how dangerously wide the powers proposed are. In other countries the habit of shutting up for long periods people who are found to be a nuisance is growing all too common. We do not want to see in this country powers which might be used to rid a neighbourhood of any young men or women whose neighbours preferred their room to their company—perhaps for political reasons. Even the check that a larger and less local Court than that formed (at its minimum) by two Justices should be required to pass sentence would be brushed aside.

It is, moreover, doubtful whether mere "habits and character", without further definition, are susceptible of rigorous proof within a Court of law—mere hearsay, or the *ipse dixit* of the police, would in practice have to be relied upon.

Altogether it is to be hoped—and the Home Secretary's speech lends colour to this hope—that further safeguards will be introduced in the third reading of the Bill. The suggestion that an appeal to the next convenient Assizes should be allowed, has been made, and has much to commend it. But for this to be adequate, it should be made obligatory upon the Court in passing sentence to tell the young person of the right of appeal, and to grant unconditional legal aid.

The Bill is not wholly concerned with the out-of-prison policy. It also proposes a complete reorganization of the prison system. The whole control of Penal Institutions could by Order in Council be unified and rearranged. The abolition of penal servitude, hard labour, and prison "Divisions" would hardly do more than register the passing of these outworn distinctions, though the "political prisoner" (never recognized as such by English law!) could be placed under special rules.

Corporal punishment, except for prison offences, would pass away, and with it a source of a good deal of sadistic satisfaction amongst the readers of our less reputable papers, and of a vast sense of moral superiority amongst penal administrators of other countries, who never fail to cast flogging up against Britain as a set-off against our pretensions to humanity. Scotland is, apparently, to be allowed to cling to this relic of a more barbaric age.

The problem of the recidivist is met by two forms of detention, one new and the other a modification of the existing preventive detention. The offender whose age is between 21 and 30 who has twice been convicted of serious crimes may be sent to "Corrective Training" for a period of 2 to 4 years. The nature of this training is not explained.

If the offender is over 30 and of "criminal antecedents and mode of life", he may be sent for a similar term to preventive detention. In certain circumstances, the period for a third or fourth offence may be up to ten years.

Here again it may be hoped that Parliament will consider very carefully the qualifications for such a sentence. The community may hold itself entitled to segregate for long stretches of time offenders who have shown themselves to be habitually anti-social in their conduct; there is a limit to the damage they can be allowed to do. This is particularly the case with regard to offences of violence against the person. But a longer rope might be allowed where offences against property only are concerned. The "felonies" for which a sentence of 2 years can be given are of very varying gravity, and one would like to see a more careful definition of the actions which are to mark the species of habitual criminal. In the past—and even to-day—too many people have spent long years of

imprisonment for comparatively paltry crimes. It is worth great care to see that, while the new Bill provides for necessary protection, it does not fall back into this error.

Space will not allow of a full account of some of the most welcome and useful provisions of the Bill—the handing over of the care of lunatic offenders to the Board of Control, the power to grant temporary release to persons under detention, the entrusting to Courts of wide powers for obtaining medical reports and mental treatment of persons needing it (why not of physical treatment, too?), the counting of time on remand as part of sentence—all these are reforms which would be welcome widely. Taken as a whole the Bill is a wise and constructive measure, and its passing is much to be desired. If in this article attention has been called to some of its defects, it is in the hope that in its final shape all parts of the new law may be fully worthy of the humane intentions of its sponsors.

GERMANY AND THE MEDITERRANEAN.

By ELIZABETH MONROE

ACCORDING to an imposing line of German statesmen, the Reich is well advised to concentrate attention upon Central Europe and not embark upon political adventures in more distant fields. Thus Frederick the Great : " A village on the frontier is worth a principality 280 miles away ", or Bismarck : " For us colonial enterprises would be like silks and sables in Polish noble families, who for the rest have no shirts "; or even Herr Hitler, in *Mein Kampf* : " I freely acknowledge that, even in the period before the war, I should have held Germany to be wiser if, renouncing her absurd colonial policy, her commercial fleet and navy, she had set herself against Russia in alliance with England, and so gone over from a weak world-policy to a determined European policy of acquiring continental territory ". But the Germany of 1938, striding from strength to strength, is turning her back on these outworn pronouncements. The octopus has begun to thrust its tentacles beyond the limits prescribed. Already entrenched as the leading Power on the Danube, she is putting in an appearance in the Mediterranean.

You meet her commercial travellers everywhere from Seville to Ankara or Cairo ; and the fruits of their labours are to be seen in the trade returns of every Mediterranean State. In some countries you find them accompanied by technical experts—advisers to air transport companies, iron and steel foundries, and so on ; as you travel, you are forced to the conclusion that Nazi strategists are calculating on the flag following trade.

From the commercial point of view, the emissaries have met with remarkable success. They have defeated their fellow competitors—Englishmen, Frenchmen, Americans or Italians—by offering better prices for Mediterranean wares ; they have bought produce which Germany needs ; they have sold any surplus (sometimes at a loss) to third States in exchange for other

needs, but they have shown a profit on the total transaction by charging high prices for the German goods with which they have contrived to pay their Mediterranean bills. By dint of tenacity, enterprise and Dr. Schacht's invention of the skilful device described above, they have risen to first place in Mediterranean trade. Nothing short of a table will serve to bring home the scale of their advance :—

PERCENTAGE OF TOTAL TRADE.

		<i>Imported from Germany.</i>		<i>Exported to Germany.</i>	
		1933	1937	1933	1937
Italy	14.7	18.6	12.2	14.4
Yugoslavia	13.2	32.6	13.9	21.5
Greece	10.3	26.1	17.9	27.3
Turkey	25.5	42.0	18.9	36.0
Egypt	7.5	12.2	8.1	8.6

The figures for all Spain—11.6 per cent. and 8.9 per cent. in 1933—are not available for 1937. Trade with Government Spain, of course, has fallen to nil, but the loss is probably more than offset by increased traffic with General Franco's ports.

Commercial profits can be calculated in Reichsmarks and percentages ; the political or strategic return for these German labours is not so easy to assess. It cannot be set out as digestible food for the statistician. It can only be compiled for the less pernickety man who is ready to accept a little speculation. All the same, the reckoning is worth making, if only because it throws light on the disadvantages, as well as the advantages, of expansion as a foreign policy.

Germany's Mediterranean activities are directed towards three points of the compass—into Spain, towards the Adriatic, and south-east along the famous line of the *Baghdadbahn*, whence her bagmen are radiating outwards to Egypt, Iraq and Iran. But in only one of the three can she be said to have registered clear political gain—in both the others new assets are, for the moment, offset by new liabilities. The unqualified success has been scored in Spain, though not in the way that is usually supposed by foreign partisans of the Spanish Left.

* * * * *

Because Italy and Germany are boon companions, and because the Italians run as a national establishment the ground organization of their air base at Majorca, the Englishman who follows form in Spain readily, and rather naturally, assumes that the Germans are installed in similar bases. He talks of them as

established in Spanish Morocco, the Canary Islands, or Rio de Oro. If he were right, the Imperial Powers would have every reason to feel unsafe, for such bases would command not only their Mediterranean communications but their Atlantic routes to Africa. Actually, his assumption appears, for the moment, to be unfounded. Germans in Spain are plentiful—but, subtler than the Italians, they have been at pains to behave as guests rather than as lodgers. They have simply advised and bought and sold, with the result that General Franco feels far more friendly to the *Führer* than to the Duce; in fact his relations with the former were, in November last, sufficiently intimate to prompt him to tow a prize captured in the North Sea into the port of Emden. The Germans in Spain, whether engaged upon reorganizing the Biscaya iron and steel industry (whose output they have increased to above pre-war level), or upon supplying mechanical equipment for the port of Bilbao, or upon buying cork or selling machine guns, have behaved, from all accounts, with the utmost decorum and propriety. Their principal aim seems to have been not the establishment of German bases but simply the creation of a trade supremacy which will enable them to make heavy purchases of Spanish raw materials in future years.

This process is in every way legitimate. They have sold quantities of war material to General Franco; he now owes them some £40 million.* But if he chooses to pay them by allowing them to develop old mines, to open new ones, and to enjoy first call on the resultant output, no foreign State can take exception to their tactics. The British, French or American mine-owner, who is a familiar figure all over the mineral-bearing parts of Spain, might lose some customers, but would otherwise be unaffected and—beaten in open competition—could not complain. To do so, or to attempt to block German purchases, would merely provide the Reich with a fresh excuse for wanting colonies.

At the same time, Herr Hitler, by encouraging the presence of Germans in the peninsula, has already earned a handsome political, and strategic dividend. His apostles have secured him something far more tangible and more effective than Spanish

*200 million pesetas at 3.44 pesetas to the mark. He is said to have given a verbal promise not to devalue.

promises, whether of minerals or of hospitality for bombers and submarines in the event of general war. They did him valiant service in March and again in September, 1938, when the knowledge that there were Germans in the Peninsula scared France into hanging back, first, at the moment of the *Anschluss* and, later, during the dismemberment of Czechoslovakia. The thought of war in the Pyrenees and in Morocco, of bombers over the mobilization channel from Algiers and over the war industries tucked away in south-western France, helped to silence French bidding at two important moments in the game of poker that Herr Hitler is conducting with the democracies.

* * * * *

But whereas his Spanish balance-sheet shows a net profit, his Adriatic and south-eastern adventures, though successful, do not represent clear gain. In both places each step in his progress places a new strain upon the tenuous thread of the Rome-Berlin Axis—tenuous because, however noisy are Fascist and Nazi protestations of solidarity, the allies are strange partners because they seek supremacy in the same places. Germany has won on the Danube; the chief zone for competition is now South-Eastern Europe, involving the Eastern Mediterranean from Trieste to beyond the Bosphorus.

“What did we fight the War for”, says the average Italian, “except to rid ourselves of Great-Power pressure on the North and the Adriatic”. Now that Germany, looking down on him from the Brenner, is in a position to deflect the flow of trade from Central Europe which constitutes the livelihood of his port of Trieste, he is beginning to wonder whether he fought in vain.

“There was a young person of Smyrna,
Whose grandmother threatened to burn her;
So she seized on the cat
And said ‘Granny, burn that . . .’”

Germany, just as resourceful as any Smyrniot, is encouraging Italy to look west—to dream of Tunis, and to leave no time for thoughts of lost markets and weakened holds on Balkan merchants and statesmen.

But suppose the decoy did not work? Suppose France, backed by Great Britain, took a resolute stand in North Africa; then Italian thoughts, returning east, might make the bitter

discovery that a so-called ally had stolen a march upon Rome. That Germany is in a fine position to do precisely this is obvious even from the most cursory survey of the facts.

As long ago as 1926, Italians and Germans reached a so-called "Hamburg Understanding", whereby they would not compete with one another for the overseas trade of Central Europe. That of south Germany and the northern part of Czechoslovakia was to travel *via* the Rhine, Weser or Elbe to Hamburg and Bremen, that of southern Czechoslovakia and the upper Danubian countries to the former Austro-Hungarian outlet at Trieste. But the one-time prosperity of Trieste did not revive as planned. Signor Mussolini therefore determined to help it to do so, and there followed the famous Rome Protocols which he negotiated with Dollfuss's Austria and with Hungary in 1933. The offer of free zones and customs facilities stimulated Danubian exporters into trading southward; meantime the Italians were able to congratulate themselves on their acumen, for the trade of Trieste all but quadrupled between the signing of the Protocols and the beginning of 1937. On an average, Italy was responsible for one-third of the goods handled, Austria for another, the remaining third being bound either to or from other parts of Central Europe.

Immediately the *Anschluss* took place, a puff of chill wind struck the port. Where shippers had handled 90 thousand tons of goods in March, 1938, they handled 64 thousand only in April. Later, this serious drop proved to be but temporary. The volume of goods soared again thanks to the Italo-German agreement which was the outcome of Herr Hitler's visit to Rome, and the turnover for the first six months of the year was only slightly less than that for 1937. But the shippers of Trieste have had a fright, which even the special visit paid to them by the Duce on September 18 last has not dispelled. In the first public speech he had made since Northern Italy received her shock over Austria, he exhorted them, in the grand manner which serves to stir the more passionate south, to face the new situation and, undaunted, to overcome it. But: "How can I?" says the hard-headed northerner—when you visit him in the fastness of his office. "I am safe only so long as Germany wills. The moment her North Sea ports press for more trade, she can

divert my Viennese and Czech custom. Most of it lies within her borders; all of it within her orbit. She can turn off the flow as by a tap. And, mark you, the Rhine-Main-Danube canal is under construction. It is to be opened in 1943, and is to be fed by fifteen miles of new wharves and docks at Vienna. If such an expensive venture is to pay its way, it must be put to steady use". Before you leave him you can count upon witnessing that expressive shrug of the shoulders which indicates that the future, though perhaps not black, is chancy to a degree.

Thus Germany, if she appears on the Adriatic, can only do so if she is prepared to jettison the Italian alliance, and since this alliance is at present a diplomatic asset, she is unlikely to strike south, except in so far as she can do so through her commercial supremacy in Yugoslavia. Even here she treads on Italian toes—a fact which is glossed over in Rome, but which has not escaped notice in North Italy. For instance, *Il Piccolo*, Trieste's leading paper, published on several occasions last year the tell-tale percentages which reveal that Italian traders are losing ground to Germans in Yugoslavia. Not for nothing did the Duce make one of his rare pilgrimages on to foreign soil when he walked across the Yugoslav border last September; Italy must strive to keep abreast.

* * * *

In the south-east, where Germany's encroachment upon Italian aspirations is more remote, and less likely to be perceived by the ordinary Italian, she has been able to advance with less circumspection, with more aplomb. At the time when Rome decided to accept the *Anschluss*, and to welcome Herr Hitler's May visit, observers suggested that the allies had reached some sort of agreement on spheres of influence—that in return for Danubian supremacy the *Führer* had agreed to leave Rome a free hand in *Mare Nostrum*—but facts now coming to light indicate that no such plan was made, for nowhere has Germany displayed much forbearance. She has registered commercial gains in the Mediterranean as successfully and as openly as elsewhere, sometimes at the expense of Great Britain and France, but as often as not to the detriment of Italy.

She has not yet converted her trade advance into political capital, but the idea is obviously in her mind. She is unlikely

to be counting on the small countries of the Near East as allies in war ; scantily armed as they are, they would prove as much a liability as an asset. But, once she is established as by far their best customer, she is in a position to buy their neutrality. Clearly, her *Drang nach Süd-Osten* is chiefly designed to provide her not only with peace-time markets but also with a much-needed war-time feed-pipe.

In securing this, however, political emissaries are now beginning to work in with her commercial travellers. As well as seeking contracts, German agents are working to weaken foreign Governments by stimulating discontent among Nazi factions or minority groups, sometimes—as in Czechoslovakia or Hungary—to bring into a power a Government amenable to German wishes, sometimes—as in Palestine or Syria—in order to weaken a third-Power rival. German agents, amply supplied with funds, support the Rumanian Iron Guard ; German newspaper-men pay flattering attention to Arab aspirations, attend congresses to which no other European troubles to go, listen, sympathize and attract attention ; German consulates in the Levant are increasing their personnel. It is hard to be specific about these activities ; they are subtle, and defy definition, but no traveller in Balkan or Near Eastern countries can fail to hear tales of Nazi prowess—tales which are mere whispers in Egypt and Palestine, but which swell in a steady crescendo as he returns through Syria to Greece and Turkey and up towards the Danube and Central Europe.

But cash and propaganda, however affably distributed, are not enough, unaided, to enhance prestige. The reputation which Germany has earned in the Mediterranean by these painstaking means would be as nothing, were it not for the prestige accruing to her from two non-Mediterranean activities—the first, her anti-Jewish policy, the second, her success at Munich.

The Jews were never a popular people in South-Eastern Europe ; nor have they succeeded in ingratiating themselves in Palestine, or in the Arab countries of the North African shore. Thus, except for Greece, which was little affected by the Dispersion of Jewry, and for Turkey and Egypt, who view their Jews as a commercial asset, every nation from Rumania to

Morocco cherishes a secret respect for the Nazis as the bold spirits who have done what it would like to do.

But even the renown which Germany has thus acquired is as nothing beside the advantages accruing to her from the Munich Agreement. It has given a stimulus to her reputation which is nothing short of prodigious. It is something more than a personal triumph for Herr Hitler; it has convinced all the small States of that area (1) that it is not worth their while to cross so determined a Power; (2) that Naziism is more effective than any other creed in international politics; and (3) that they are over-optimistic to count on help from Great Britain and France. In the Near East, which begins with the Balkans and ends at the Persian Gulf and the Sudan, nothing succeeds like success.

Whether Germany's advance into the Mediterranean will continue to be thus spectacular depends more than anything upon her capacity for exercising tact. Reference has already been made to one stumbling-block—her relations with Italy. But perhaps Italy could be bought off, or ignored. A second and more irremovable obstacle is the nationalism of foreign peoples. Turks or Egyptians, proud in their new independence, do not want to lose it in subservience to Germans; Arabs in Syria or Morocco are ready to accept Nazi help against their Western rulers, but do so in order to further their own ends, and not because they wish to exchange the French frying-pan for the German fire. An expansionist policy cuts both ways, and though Germany is just now inspiring awe in the Near East, she may find it replaced, once the first gasp of astonishment is over, by an antagonistic, obstructionist mood. It is just this awkward contingency that her policy of trade dominance is designed to avoid.

From the political point of view, therefore, Germany has scarcely appeared on the Mediterranean stage. Rome is discernible in the background of the Spanish scene, but she has not shown her might on the Adriatic, nor yet in the Aegean, where Greece and Turkey, despite her commercial supremacy and her bold tactics, still cherish a sentimental longing for a powerful Britain. But, though absent in flesh, she is present in spirit. Hanging spectre-like over the Pyrenees or Trieste, she can assume the rôle of Banquo's ghost; she can "displace the mirth, break the good meeting" whenever she feels inclined.

DR. NEGRIN'S THIRTEEN POINTS

BY WILLIAM C. ATKINSON

AGREEMENT is now general that, the British Plan for the withdrawal of volunteers notwithstanding, the Spanish Civil War is going to be a prolonged struggle. While General Franco's formula for peace remains unconditional surrender and *vae victis*, the Republicans have the most imperious of reasons, primitive instinct, for their announced determination to resist to the last man. Their resistance has already belied all the prophets, even the dictators; it will be remembered when the history of human values in the twentieth century comes to be written.

The moment meanwhile is not inopportune to look beyond the cessation of hostilities. Franco may conceivably win the war. His various pronouncements on future policy engender doubts of his capacity to win the peace. After two-and-a-half years he controls perhaps two-thirds of the country, with a population of which large sections are indifferent and others, such as the Asturias and the Basque provinces, at least passively hostile. The Republicans have their own political dissensions; on the immediate issue they are united. They cannot all be exterminated on defeat, and Franco's gratuitous wounding in advance of their deepest susceptibilities—language, traditions, autonomy—leaves no shadow of hope that he can conciliate them.

As dictator he may drive opposition underground. He may even succeed over a number of years, as Hitler and Mussolini have succeeded, in keeping it there. But there is no comparison between the deep-rooted and historical nature of that opposition in Spain and in Germany and Italy. Nazism and Fascism began as the fortuitous emergence of one party out of several. The *patria chica*, the lesser fatherland, whether it imply language and autonomy, as with the Catalan, or respect for immemorial *fueros*

as the Basque, is to the Spaniard as the air he breathes. In due course the volcano must erupt, and the issue will be launched afresh.

It is thus the long view of the peace, much more than of the war, that matters. Lasting peace can only be a peace by consent, and the future will lie with that side which is the first to temper its intransigence and project a Spain in which the other, too, may live.

Nationalist policy admittedly lacks this element of constructive statesmanship towards the enemy. A dictator's prestige with difficulty admits of overtures. The Government, on the other hand, has always been bold to declare its conviction that, were the field cleared of foreigners, the issue could be composed straightway, and, acting on the belief, has drawn up a long-term programme whose 'Thirteen Points', announced by Dr. Negrín in Barcelona on May 1 last, carry the approval of all parties and trade union organizations in loyalist Spain. The programme is not that of a party. It is addressed to all Spaniards on both sides willing to co-operate in building a new and peaceful Spain. Scant attention has been paid to it in this country, and none at all, officially, in Nationalist Spain. Yet it represents the only possibility of agreement at present open to that unhappy country, and may conceivably prove of the greatest importance for its future.

For over and above questions of right and wrong history will set the fact, to be interpreted in terms of hundreds of thousands of human lives, that Barcelona was at all times ready to negotiate a peace, and Burgos never. It is incumbent on world opinion to keep that fact in the forefront of every discussion. On the 'Thirteen Points' the Government of Barcelona still takes its stand, and it may still be of service in clarifying the issue to summarize them afresh and consider their implications.

1. The absolute independence and territorial integrity of Spain.
2. The ejection of all foreign elements, alike military and economic, who since July, 1936, have invaded Spain and sought to dominate her economic life in their own interests.
3. A Republic of the people, based on the principles of pure democracy, with a strong executive power dependent at all times on the will of the people.
4. A national plebiscite, held immediately the war is over, without restrictions or limitations and with the fullest guarantees against

intimidation or reprisal, to determine the legal and social structure of the Republic.

5. Respect for regional liberties, without prejudice to Spanish unity and as the best means of welding the divers elements of the nation together.

6. The State shall guarantee to all its citizens their civil and social rights, liberty of conscience and the free exercise of religious belief and practice.

7. Subject to the supreme interests of the nation, property legitimately acquired shall be guaranteed by the State. Individual initiative shall be respected, but not such accumulation of wealth as would, by exploiting the citizen and infringing communal rights, endanger State control in the economic and social spheres.

8. Radical agrarian reform, to abolish semi-feudal ownership of the land in favour of a new democracy of peasant proprietors.

9. Advanced social legislation, based on the specific needs of Spanish life and economy, to guarantee the rights of the worker.

10. The cultural, physical and moral improvement of the nation shall be a primary concern of the State.

11. The Army, at the service of the nation, shall be free from all hegemony, bias or party, an instrument for the defence of the liberties and independence of the people.

12. The Spanish State reaffirms the renunciation of war as an instrument of national policy, and will continue to support the policy of the League of Nations, collective security and the general defence of peace.

13. A complete amnesty for all Spaniards willing to collaborate in the reconstruction and aggrandisement of Spain.

There are three aspects to the consideration of this programme of action ; the measures following immediately on the cessation of fighting, whether by conciliation or by mutual exhaustion ; the inducements it offers to Spaniards of good will but of opposed political persuasion to co-operate in the common weal ; and its adequacy for the future of Spain, both materially, as a path to prosperity *via* the uprooting of abuses and the maximum exploitation of the nation's resources, and politically, in the steps taken to avert the possibility of another breakdown and to wean Spaniards from their traditional mode of settling disputes by appeal to arms. To several Articles (1, 7, 9, 10, possibly 2), the Nationalist can subscribe in principle forthwith.

Nos. 4 (plebiscite) and 13 (amnesty) would of themselves suffice to end hostilities but for totalitarian dreams of a *pax romana*. The duration of the war, while tempering dogmatism on the Government side, has only strengthened it in the Franco camp, where the measure of success in the field has been just sufficient to keep the Nationalist mind closed to any thought or possibility of bridging differences. Yet Franco's confidence in his claim to represent the majority of the nation might well

induce him to accept the proposals. Barcelona undertakes to abide by the results of the plebiscite, and thus offers him with peace tomorrow, should his claim be substantiated, what he hopes to achieve by war perhaps a year hence, an authoritarian, totalitarian State with himself as *caudillo*. Articles 3 and 5 are conditional on the Government's belief that the findings of the plebiscite would be very different. Franco has no use for democracy pure or impure ('We do not believe in the democratic, liberal *régime* . . .' runs a recent *credo*), and has sworn to destroy all regional liberties. But the readiness of the Government, and the present unreadiness of Franco, to put the matter to the test justifies their inclusion in the document as something more than a pious hope.

'Pure democracy', it may be conceded, is but a form of words. There is no such thing, and if there were, the aspiration would still be up against some very harsh Spanish realities. The Republic of 1931 also set out to achieve 'pure democracy', under the most favourable circumstances, and the Civil War was the result. But the idea behind the phrase is explicit enough to go on with. The Government shall derive power from the votes of the citizens, and the purging of the last two years is looked to as guarantee that the citizen henceforth will accept his responsibilities no less seriously than his rights and prevent another such relapse into chaos. The interpretation of democracy to mean that the majority, being supreme, is alone of consequence, *i.e.*, that a government elected on a 51% vote is entitled to disenfranchise the other 49%, underlies a large part of Spanish history since 1931. 'Pure' democracy may be expected not to repeat that mistake. It implies a party system, under which policy to be constructive must be based on maximum agreement between parties, not on maximum disagreement.

Dr. Negrín's programme bears witness to the substantial acceptance already won for this view among the parties of the Popular Front, whose divergence on one occasion was such as to threaten at times a civil war within a civil war. The genuineness of their conversion will be discredited by their enemies. The fact remains that Dr. Negrín, who, as a moderate, was given a week of power by the prophets, has held the

premiership now for eighteen months. Having won the extreme left back towards the centre, he is in a more favourable position than any other man in Spain to attempt as much with the extreme Right. No Spaniard, whatever his conviction, stands to gain in the long run from intolerance. To observers of the Spanish scene that lesson emerges more clearly than any other from the experiences of the last seven years. It is accordingly most incumbent on those who set most store by social reform.

Franco, as yet, rejects the lesson *in toto*, and maintains his course towards a goal largely inspired by foreign models. His adherents subscribe to this in preference to anarchy. It does not follow that they would reject other, more liberal, alternatives. And not all are doctrinaires. To many, doubtless the majority, the war is a much more human and personal problem, a son on this side and a father on that, a family uprooted from its home and interests, deaths that have taken the meaning out of life, with, as background, the thought of foreigners hired to rain destruction on Spanish lives and soil that others may boast of effectives tried out under the most modern conditions of warfare. Such realities must eventually override the conception of a crusade in the name of Christianity and civilization against a horde of vandal 'Reds'. When they do they will predispose automatically in favour of mutual comprehension.

The holding of a plebiscite—under neutral auspices, if necessary—need create no insuperable difficulties, while, should a majority opt for a Fascist *régime*, further decisions will be taken out of their hands. Given a victory, on the other hand, for a representative, responsible type of government in terms of the traditional Spanish cult of individual dignity and respect, the formulation of a constitution immediately conjures up the darkest forebodings. Here, if anywhere, the leaders of the new Spain must show what they have learnt from recent history. It is with the formulation of a constitution that breakers may be seen ahead. Constitution-making has been a bad habit with the Spaniard for over a century, and the discarding of each, though of itself lessening respect for its successor, has not lessened the Spaniard's pathetic faith in the efficacy of documentary enactment. 'Spain is a democratic Republic of workers of all classes', ran Art. 1 of that of 1931. And behold

it was not so. And the Constitution of 1931 has now been torn to ribbons. The dogmatic incorporation in the nation's charter of ideas and ideals insufficiently related to Spanish fact has fathered many an upheaval.

Both sides agree in postulating far-reaching modifications of society. This is to the good. But there must be equal agreement that to lay such down in a constitution is to convert this, too, into a programme, and to impose rigidity where rigidity is the hall-mark of failure. Every dogma or prescription avoided in a constitution is worth a decade to its expectation of life, and every facility for modification incorporated another.

The constitution-makers, it may be, are ardent republicans. Art. 1: 'Spain is a Republic'. A day comes when the majority of Spaniards favour a restoration of the monarchy. 'Pure democracy' entitles their will to prevail. The constitution forbids. Deprived of constitutional means, they rebel, while a minority proclaims to the world the justice of its cause as defenders of the magna charta. Who are the democrats?

The republican form is not sacrosanct. Is the democratic? If a majority decides that representative government has been a failure and opts for a pattern that would set order and efficiency above 'rights', is it entitled to have its way? The answer must be yes—provided the decision has been freely and honestly arrived at and provided, further, that the new *régime* can offer adequate safeguards to minority opinion, and does nothing to prevent a later swing of opinion in another direction from equally peaceful realization.

The successful democratic constitution will be one that facilitates constitutional development, even though this should lead away from democracy. Measures directed specifically against dictatorship are at best negative. Positive action consists in so governing that dictatorship can never appear a desirable alternative. It is unnecessarily defeatist even now to assume that representative government can never work in Spain. If the causes of past failures are discoverable they can be remedied, or at the least mitigated. The organization and functions of the Civil Service, for instance, are a large part of the matter: the clear distinction between party and State is another, the necessity for honest finance a third, due checks on

hasty parliamentary decisions not backed by expert knowledge a fourth. The proposal in the draft constitution of 1931 for a second chamber was defeated by a catch vote in a half empty house. Such mistakes can be vital; they need not be allowed to recur.

The onus, needless to say, will lie equally on the opposition. It is a hard lesson for the Spaniard that opposition must be constructive. With its learning, the government will learn, too, to invite its collaboration, and revolution in politics may give way to evolution. The Civil War began with the assassination by government police of the leader of the opposition. This country pays the leader of the Opposition an official salary.

It will have been observed that the 'Thirteen Points' themselves are not free from dogma. Art. 5 commits the Government to respect for regional liberties in a federal *régime*. Yet here, if anywhere, it has all the weight of history and geography behind it. That the most Catholic region in Spain, the Basque provinces—Navarre alone dissenting—should have thrown in its lot with the 'Reds' in the present struggle is proof sufficient. Spain is the sum of its parts, and can only be prosperous and at peace in the measure of their prosperity and content. The rub to the Nationalists is that they have no case against regionalism. Could it be established that the Basque provinces were unprogressive, or ill administered, or ill-disposed towards Madrid, because of their 'Concierto Económico', their language and their usages, the suppression of these might form a legitimate plank of national policy. In fact the comparison with Castile is all to the advantage of the Basques. That Catalonia has on occasion followed obstructionist tactics towards Madrid is admitted. It has been a return in kind: Madrid began it four centuries ago, and has kept it up with a persistence worthy of a better cause. That Barcelona had been for decades a hotbed of social unrest and anarchist outrage is likewise admitted. That is a Catalan problem, and Madrid's handling of it has never been conspicuously successful. This notwithstanding, Catalonia has prospered, on Catalan initiative, till it is become the backbone of the Spanish economy.

But it is equally clear, and equally explicit in the same Article, that regionalism can never become separatism, unless

goaded to extremes by the folly of Madrid. The bogey the Nationalists would conjure up here is of their own imagining. Catalonia is as dependent on the rest of Spain for her markets as Madrid is on Bilbao for her heavy industries, and knows it. Some form of federal *régime* is now the only alternative to a unitarian dictatorship, and the paradox is a mild one for Spain that, whereas the latter is fraught with promise of discontent and ultimate disruption, the former offers the surest hope of the re-achievement of national unity in any real sense. The co-existence in Barcelona during the past year of the Central Government with the Generalitat has proved a valuable experience to this end. No such opportunity has ever arisen before for working out in sympathy rather than antipathy the problems and potentialities of this crucial aspect of Spain's future.

The fruits of that collaboration can already be seen in the programme. The voicing from Barcelona of such a respect for property, however qualified, as is evidenced in Art. 7 is in sharp contrast with the Catalan scene in the early months of the war. The social revolution is now understood in a sense to which any liberal might subscribe. 'Libertarian communism' is but a formula out of an already dim past, and even the C.N.T. accepts, with the principles of property and private initiative, that of ultimate State control in the economic and social spheres.

Three Articles out of thirteen—Nos. 7, 8 and 9—are given to the claims of labour. The proportion does not stress unduly the fundamental importance to social peace of goodwill and well-being in a sphere where fortunately Nationalist and Republican can profess to have much common ground. But once again enactment is not fulfilment. Especially as regards agrarian reform, failing which Spain will always have one foot in the Middle Ages, there is work for many years ahead, and the active collaboration of all patriotic Spaniards must first be assured. Justice for worker and peasant, it will be recalled, was already promised in 1931. It failed of achievement from the Government's failure to secure continuity for its policy. By wantonly provoking its opponents, as when it went out of its way to offend Catholic sentiment, it made inevitable its eventual downfall and the automatic reversal of its measures, and worker and peasant shared the penalty.

No problem, perhaps, is more stubborn or goes deeper than that of Army intervention in politics. Both Republics tried to solve it, as did the monarchy, and with each failure the tradition has gained strength. Were all other differences bridged tomorrow, Art. 11 would still be the crux. Franco is the Army and must sink or swim with it. It must be remembered equally that the Republican Army, with its political commissars, has come into being to defend not the nation but the Republic, and is as politically conscious as the other is class-conscious. With peace there cannot be two armies in the State. A solution would seem to offer in the disbandment of both. Partial loppings have always failed in the past, and complete disbandment, involving the rebuilding of an army from scratch has never before been possible. Now it will be. The whole nation has had experience in arms, and can be drawn on. The whole nation has got to find its civil feet again in a new society, and the hardship will be no greater for the erstwhile professional soldier than for other. It would be a heroic cauterizing of a grievous sore in the body politic. Failing such, the war may yet prove to have been fought in vain.

There remains, finally, foreign policy. Against Franco's recognition of his commitments to Germany and Italy, the Government pledges itself to remain loyal to the League of Nations, collective security and the general defence of peace. The value of the pledge is enhanced when we recall Barcelona's scant cause for gratitude to Geneva. Of the two policies, the one has in it seeds of deepest hatred for half the population, the other is neutral. Clearly the latter alone is feasible for a re-united Spain. Nor is it merely vital to the immediate interests of Spain, as it is to those of Britain and of France. It is the only sure guarantee that Spain is not to persist as another European storm-centre. Should it prevail, and Europe recover with time its political sanity, the two will not be unrelated.

THE MIND AND MOOD OF ITALY

BY SYLVIA SAUNDERS

THE conversation, as it always does between English and Italians nowadays, hovered round sanctions. The Grand Fascist Councillor put his country's point of view, and ended with the usual regret and anger at the lead Mr. Eden had given to sanctions. I suggested that not *all* those who wanted sanctions in England were rank imperialists using the League to keep Italy further out of Africa. Speaking of decency (as he did) why on earth hadn't Italy resigned from the League before launching a mighty attack upon a fellow member and one whom she had herself introduced into the League? "Don't speak to me of ideals," he laughed. "We can talk as one pirate to another, but not on any other footing". A gay prospect, I thought, for future Anglo-Italian relations. I asked whether there was any interest in Italy or only criticism for the British imperial system. "Indeed there is", he quickly said, "the world would be the poorer without it. We have always admired your way of doing things. But you should visit Libya and see our colonization there". I let the discussion drop, partly because I had just read a first-hand account of that colonization, and it has been as fierce as our present action in Palestine—and partly because the subject really close to this man's heart was the annual temporary migration of 50,000 Italian workers who go to German factories and fields because of labour shortage there. He said this was a real consolidation of the axis, and I believed him, for at a distance these two peoples have little affection for each other. It was the first time, he said, proudly, that international labour contracts had been made for a category of workers and that one country employs the workers of another under exactly the same conditions as its own. The confederations of labour in these two countries know no frontiers. They

negotiate directly. To him this seemed the real socialist international. And later he sent me a book composed of facsimile letters from these Italian workers to prove, not that they thought so, too, (which is surely disputable) but that they had a good time and liked the Germans.

The National Socialist experiment cuts deeper into the economic life of Germany than the Fascist economy does in Italy. For example, Italy, like Germany is about to put a "people's car" (*Volkswagen*) on the market. It will cost 7000 lire (about £70) and may be bought on a lengthy hire purchase. The Fiat factory is making it; but in Germany it will cost £50, and the German Labour Front has set up the factories and owns them. That is the kind of German organization which the leaders of the Labour confederations in Italy admire; being former workers themselves they hope much from the new alliance. But they were the only people in Italy among whom I found any enthusiasm for the axis.

Any student acquainted with labour problems in this country and in France, must find it exceedingly difficult to appreciate labour organization in Italy. The whole system seems above all an efficient practical arrangement for a State that must be ready and tuned to war at the shortest notice. The workers' point of view is gauged by the syndicate officials from the workers' complaints coupled with *directives* from the central organizations. If the official is able and honest the result may be satisfactory. If he isn't, the result may be grim, and not easily altered for many a month.

As a leader of the Italian labour organization said to me: "In this *régime* great men and great scoundrels may come to the top". He himself, I thought, belonged to neither category, but he was hardworking beyond belief. I asked him if he ever had a holiday. "No, I haven't had one for two years. I work here from 10 a.m. to 9 p.m. every day and often speak on Sundays". "Can't you train up a couple of assistants to take your place for a fortnight in the summer?" I asked. "Yes, that is the problem", he said thoughtfully. It seemed there was something wrong here, as though the fleet needed all hands on board all the time. Most of the ships' officers are loyal, and the fleet of state has weathered some bad storms lately, what

with Abyssinia, Spain and Munich. "*Quanti brutti momenti abbiamo passati da quando ci siamo visti!*"* was the way most conversations with friends began in Rome. "*Ma il Duce ci ha dato la pace*"† was the way they mostly ended in this autumn of 1938.

On Sunday, a "gerarch" took us out to the Pontine Marshes where the ex-service men of three wars, the European War, the Abyssinian and the Spanish campaigns, have been rewarded with farms and land varying from 10 to 50 acres. It is a revival of the old soldier settlements of Augustus. Round the two new towns of Sabaudia and Littoria (too hurriedly built, for most of the houses already need refacing) lie the little blue-washed farms for miles on the horizon, and the land which used to be derelict and full of mosquitoes lay harrowed and ready for spring sowing.

That evening some of the 10,000 legionaries from Spain arrived in Rome. I had to be at the station to meet a train and joined a group round them. They nearly all had two or more wound stripes on their khaki dungaree uniforms, and some had as many as four rows of ribbons above their breast pockets. Franco has been generous with medals—and then there were the Abyssinian ribbons. They said they had been fighting up to the last minute on the Ebro before entraining for Cadiz. They were legionaries, one felt, as Roman as the legions of Cæsar or Anthony 2000 years before. Perhaps the officers had ideas about the meaning of the campaign. These men seemed too tired to have any. My train arrived from Naples, and off it came many khaki clad figures in immensely long smooth khaki coats with brass buttons. "Colonial administrators" said a friend, "back on leave from the Empire". In a tailor's shop nearby was a whole new set of black and gold striped uniforms. "Didn't you know?" said the same friend, "next month the entire civil service is going into uniform". Then the only people not in uniform in Rome will be professional and business men and artists.

Our last night in Rome was spent with the only Jewish friends we have in Italy. They are Catholics, like so many Italian

*"We've passed through some bad moments since we last met!"

†"But the Duce has given us peace."

Jews, but their name is 'on the list' in an anti-Semitic book that is being sold on all Italian bookstalls.

The campaign against Jews is supported in Italy by only two henchmen so far. One is a fanatical gentleman, Signor Preziosi in his review '*La Vita Italiana*' which has been going for a long time, and the other is Telesio Interlandi, one of the editors of '*Il Tevere*,' a sensational mid-day Rome paper, who has now become editor of '*La difesa della Razza*' the new 'race' weekly. Half of this journal, which is slightly pornographic, is concerned with proving how inferior the Abyssinian tribes are, for there has been much trouble in race mixture in that country among Italian soldiers and native women. The other half is about Jews, and, like the *Vita Italiana*, it makes much use of the long-exploded decrees of the elders of Sion.

Relatively the campaign is much less fierce than in Germany because the Italian is a humanist, and Jews have never been outside the pale to him. Not a single anti-Jewish demonstration has taken place in Italy. Jewish shops are fully patronized, and the only anti-Jewish slogan in Rome appears on the wall of the German art institute in Rome whose well-known 'Aryan' director was recently dismissed for receiving a Jew at his house.

Signor Mussolini's categorical denials in recent years of the necessity for an anti-Jewish movement in Italy have left the Italians dumbfounded at the new movement. They don't understand it, and their reaction, especially that of the Church just now, is all sympathy for the 40,000 Jews of Italy. Mussolini changed round, it seems, first to please Hitler: to enable him to give Italy a 100% boost in German papers, secondly, to please the Arabs by not only being anti-Jewish but assigning a small portion of Abyssinia and not of Palestine to Jews. One recalls Mussolini's Tripoli speech last year offering himself as champion of the Mussulman world. Other reasons were to stem the tide of Jewish refugees from Germany, some of whom had already made inroads into the flower trade on the Italian Riviera; and because Jews do not make good Fascists, and it would perhaps be useful to weed them out from the party, the universities and the public life of Italy. Several hundreds have already been dismissed; their plight is serious.

The Grand Fascist Council which passed the Jewish decrees

last October is the supreme body, and indeed the only governing body in Italy to-day. It has about 20 members who are heads of all the chief departments of Italian life. Policy is thrashed out there months before it is given to the press. Signor Mussolini is certainly influenced by its deliberations and in turn influences every one of its members. It is generally known, for example, that the Council was largely in favour of accepting the Hoare-Laval agreement. Mussolini was not, but he did so (as he said himself later on). Within twenty-four hours, however, it had been rejected by a stormy and partisan house of Commons in London, which was a great blessing for Mussolini. More recently there was a scheme by a young Milanese poet-architect to erect the highest campanile in the world by Milan cathedral. He saw the Duce who agreed, though the cost would have been 50 million lire and the time 40 years to erect it. To the great relief of the Milanese the Council has turned it down, and no more is heard of the campanile.

Italy, like Germany, is full of rumours of atrocities here, graft there and risings somewhere else. Some are partly true, very many are exaggerated, and more still are quite false. There certainly were no anti-war demonstrations in Milan during the Crisis: all that happened was a sudden and unrehearsed exodus of workers to celebrate the Munich agreement as soon as the news got through. The papers kept that dark, but everyone in Milan knows it. Another sensation: that the King of Italy would abdicate if Italy were to fight with Germany was a red herring which not a soul in Italy, Fascist, Communist, Socialist or Liberal, will believe. Upon such rumours very false and misleading ideas of modern Italy are built up abroad.

Italy is strong and united as she has never been before. She is apprehensive perhaps of coming German claims in the Mediterranean, and to prepare for that, she would like real friendship with Great Britain. Ultimately her aims are for a share in the Suez canal, suzerainty in Tunis and the elimination of France as a first-class naval power in the Mediterranean; it is rankling to have the Franco-British naval threat always at her door. She would like to see Germany the beggar for once, and England as Italy's ally when the deal has to come off. Meanwhile she has become

empire-minded and ready for any enterprise that will lead to glory in "her sea". So many Italians have now travelled to Abyssinia, Spain and Germany that the foreigner on Italian soil now arouses little interest or amusement. Train conversations are much less frequent. Sixteen years of persistent propaganda make it possible to speak of *Italy* to-day, and no longer of this and that group, or the south and the north, or the Church and the Court. It is also unreal to to speak of Mussolini as one thing and the Italian people as another, much as it would have been unreal to attempt to divide Cromwell from the Commonwealth. With all these changes, gone are the last vestiges of imitation of England, so common during the first sixty years of Italian unity, and the English tourist who 'loves Italy and pities the Italians' has become a comic figure.

The modern Italian is like his Roman ancestor, a bridge and road and house builder, a colonizer and a fighter in legions here and there. The artist who thrived in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries in Florence, Siena, Pisa and the great city states must lie low in this age, for his poems find no publisher and his pictures no buyer. The whole people must bear with a deterioration of wool, cotton and silk, not to mention dearer and poorer bread and foodstuffs, longer hours and lower wages, for the sake of autarchy. And there is no alternative.

THE AMERICAN NOVEL

By MICHAEL SADLEIR

THE American novel—taking the words quite literally to mean something indigenous, something that is unmistakably American and nothing else—is an astonishingly recent phenomenon.

It is hardly an exaggeration to say that, with the exception of Stephen Crane's two Bowery tales, the early novels of Theodore Dreiser, and the two or three books Frank Norris lived to write, it did not exist until after the World War. Previously the novel as written in America was an English-style novel about Americans and in an American setting. Consider the leading figures of the first two decades of the present century. Winston Churchill and Mary Johnston won fame by historical novels which, although about American history, were of the traditional kind; Edith Wharton and Gertrude Atherton wrote satire in the English manner on a society which happened to be American; Booth Tarkington was a regulation good story-teller of invention and power.

Naturally the novelists of the wide-open spaces: Jack London, Owen Wister, Stewart Edward White—had no direct counterparts in England, for they at least had themes exclusively American; but their books were English in pattern and structure.

The reasons for this state of affairs are of great interest, for they belong to the racial history of America and also the larger history of international affairs. Up to about 1890 the immigrant element in the population of the United States, though considerable, was degraded and culturally negligible. Literature and the arts were in the hands of New England, *i.e.*, of persons of British (including Irish) origin, imbued with British tradition. The centre of publishing was Boston, and appreciation of authorship followed the lines of inheritance. But between

1890 and 1914—and increasingly—miscellaneous Europeans poured into America, many of them persons of breeding and intelligence and a large number of them Jews. By 1900 New York had displaced Boston as the centre of book-appraisal and book-publishing; several new publishers of non-American origin launched translations of European books which found a widening market, and it was not long before recently-Americanized Europeans began to write books of their own. The displacement of traditional American (*i.e.* British style) literature by the new cosmopolitan American literature was very gradual. Indeed by 1914 it had only gone far enough to produce on both sides of the Atlantic a mood of stultification. In America, what had been an inferiority complex in a literary sense turned to a dull but helpless resentment against the persisting domination of English taste and technique. In Great Britain, the assumption that successful American fiction was a familiar dish with an agreeably unfamiliar flavour, became a complacent habit, and the public were not prepared to take any more trouble over a novel from America than over one of English origin.

Then came the War. In 1917 the United States found themselves hailed as the saviours of civilization; by the end of 1918 they were the unchallenged masters of the world, both financially and as a deciding factor in international policy. Consequently the ten years from 1919 to 1929 were, for Americans, the nearest thing to a Golden Age which modern history can show. Complete freedom from the dangers and quarrels of Europe; unbounded prosperity; suppliant nations crowding their ante-rooms—no wonder that the less thoughtful members of that vast, polyglot population concluded that the phrase “God’s own country” was no figure of speech, was indeed almost an understatement.

The effect on literature of this glorious enthronement of America was four-fold. First, it swept away once for all authors’ sense of inferiority toward Great Britain, and the long-gathering revolt against British influence broke out into a fierce determination to be American and nothing else. Second, it swept away the inferiority sense of non-Anglo-Saxon Americans towards those of purer pedigree. The universal

prosperity and optimism so stimulated the pride of every individual in being *American*, that the numerous emigrant strains became more closely welded than ever before and constituted a new super-national mixture. Literature, like everything else, was invaded by Germans, Poles, Italians, Jews, Scandinavians and so forth, as gaily and with as much certainty of conquest, as ever it had been practised by those of pure American strain. Third, the economic condition of the book-market chimed with the new self-sufficiency and confidence. Before the war success in the English market was the ideal (not always avowed) of the American writer. Now, however, the principal market—both from the point of view of author's pride and financial profit—was there on the spot in America. Instinctively authors wrote for that market ; and, if the English did not like it, they could lump it.

Finally—and from quite a different angle—literature acquired freedom of subject, as well as release from traditional form and from long-standing inhibition. The apotheosis of America as a land of wealth, liberty and democratic ideals broke to pieces the puritan domination which had for decades enslaved the cities of the east and, through them (the centres of culture) the whole country. Just as emigrant strains from Europe broke into the writing monopoly of the Americans proper, so the same miscellaneous European mentality threw off the shackles of moral and religious repression. With the world at their feet and money to pay for any bit of it they wanted, the Americans went orgiastic ; and the continuing farce of Prohibition—the last preposterous attempt to clamp unwelcome virtue on an unwilling population—merely stimulated their hatred of restrictions. Consequently the writer, finding himself free to write of anything and in any way he liked, lost no time in using his freedom to the utmost.

Now obviously the novel—which is *par excellence* the readiest means of self-expression for any period—reacted most vividly and quickly to the new conditions. Symbolic of the transformation was the enormous success of Dreiser's *American Tragedy*. This German-Pole had started novel-writing in 1900. His first story *Sister Carrie* was instantly suppressed by indignant moralists. His next appeared eleven years later, and from

1911 he made a slowly deepening impression on a small intelligent public, and incidentally had another novel withdrawn in 1915 on grounds of indecency. Yet in 1925, with *An American Tragedy*, the man who had been censored and vilified not many years before, became a national figure and a national seller. Freedom from Puritan control, and a theme utterly American in nature and feeling, matched with the new spirit and swept Dreiser into fame.

Sinclair Lewis was the next portent—with *Main Street*, *Babbitt* and *Martin Arrowsmith*. Lewis is the scientific dissector of American provincialism and humbug, and his novels are fictional *Middletowns*, case-histories of conventional communities, families, individuals.

Then came John dos Passos—pioneer of Left propaganda in fiction, also (more importantly) pioneer of a new technique. Dreiser and Lewis are in fundamentals ‘straight’ novelists. Their styles are utterly different; but they follow narrative and dialogue in a recognized way. Dos Passos, however, writes books like films—with cut-backs and composite flashes; he plays tricks with capital letters and punctuation; he interpolates what he calls “News Reels”—as though headlines and news photos were suddenly flicked into the middle of a story-film. But things move quickly in American writing, and dos Passos’ revolutionary style has already been partnered by other newer techniques. A still younger generation—largely under the influence of Ernest Hemingway, whose handling of dialogue will ultimately prove more lastingly influential than his actual books—began to evolve that terse, tough, laconic, astonishingly swift way of writing, which is characteristic of the contemporary American novel and makes it (once one gets the taste for it) the kind of novel best worth reading.

These new techniques were not only applied to the ordinary and multiform lives of Americans during the Golden Decade. The sudden enrichment and release from provincial inhibitions of a huge, fundamentally lawless population produced a class of grandiose criminals—gangsters and racketeers. Novelists, like film-makers, jumped to the potentiality of crime as a theme for quickfire treatment; and the crime at their disposal was so vivid, so richly dramatic, that no other country could compete

with it. Hence such books as *The Postman Always Rings Twice*, *Fast One* and *Brain Guy*. Hence—in simpler technique—*Little Caesar* and the novels of Don Tracy.

Meantime national events again took a hand. In the winter of 1929 the brilliant façade of American prosperity fell into ruin almost overnight. The collapse was as dizzy as the rise had been. The effect on novel-writing of the plunge from heady affluence to misery and despair was an exact repetition of the effect of the post-war boom. It provided the novelist studying actuality with an entirely new and exciting repertoire of subject, character and emotion. One could triumph over fallen Mammon; or wring tragedy from the fate of a suddenly beggared middle-class; or urge the angry proletariat to violent action.

Put shortly—the end of the war gave the American novelist freedom, and a brilliant many-sided new America to discover and describe. Ten years later that America disappeared, and the novelist could start all over again, and discover a new one—tragic, shattered and sinister. It would be a “dumb” race indeed which could not profit by such an opportunity. And Americans—whatever else they may be—are not dumb.

* * * * *

While on this vital subject of *material* for novel-writing, let us turn for a moment to Great Britain. We have had black patches of poverty and misery ever since the war ended. In 1926 we had two weeks of General Strike. In 1931 we were threatened with the State's financial collapse. But for various reasons none of these things came to dominate the lives and minds of the entire country sufficiently to set national imagination racing or national anger boiling. The horrors of the distressed areas have remained strangely local. The General Strike was never the danger (or the hope) which many excited people on both sides thought it was. It made no real appeal to the mass of people because it expressed a sectional and not a universal grievance. As for the slump of 1931—it side-stepped into compromise, and offers no comparison for catastrophe with the inflation period in Germany or the 1929 crash in America.

These statements will be hotly disputed by many of my countrymen. But surely the proof of their truth lies in the

very subject under discussion. The black areas of hopeless, workless poverty ; the General Strike ; the slump of 1931—no one of these has produced great art, even a great novel. Many novels have been written, at any rate on the first two of the three themes. Some of them are excellent works—deeply felt, and admirable in their sincerity or enthusiasm. But they have not succeeded in transcending the limits of regional suffering and partisan emotion. They remain local and ephemeral, because their impulse was local and ephemeral.

From the point of view of the British nation as a whole, the twenty years since 1918 have been a period of slow and uncertain recuperation, of careful balancing of opposites, of intricate compromise and gradual concealed revolution. Such a period is no breeding time for vital literature. Crisis makes art. During the war, when patriotic emotion and threat of disaster really had us in their grip, there blossomed a school of poets as unmistakably national and of their time as the Elizabethans. French painting around '48 and again after '70 ; the German novel of the first four terrible years of the Weimar Republic—these are three more examples of the power of fierce idealism, violent change, misery and terror to produce great art.

Then came the turn of America. First the feverish excitement of success, second the fury and alarm of catastrophe, released a hitherto imprisoned genius for American writing about America, and created the contemporary American novel. For the English novelist nothing comparable occurred. Into the bargain the nation was much nearer exhaustion than America, nearer than we ourselves realized. As a result, too many of our post-war novels are intricate, refined and fundamentally empty. All their skill and wit fail to give them much flavour for any palate which has tasted their transatlantic counterpart.

One other thing. Not only has the English novelist nothing to write about which had shaken his country till its teeth chattered, but he is also still hampered by the prudery and timidity of a puritan tradition. Forty years ago Stephen Crane declared : " English men aren't shocked as easily as we are. You can have an idea in England without being sent to

jail for it". It is time some English novelist returned the compliment. The British public, suffering as always from sexual repression, still hates half the truth about life, still prefers novels of escape, will still set in motion the machinery of censorship at any threat to the continuance of their pleasant unreal dreams. As against his American colleague the contemporary English novelist has, for this reason, no chance whatsoever.

* * * * *

Why is the realization of the greater significance of American fiction not yet general in Great Britain? For three perfectly simple reasons :—

(1) the genuine American novel of to-day is to some extent a novel in a foreign language. It is not so inaccessible as a novel in French or German to a reader who knows no French or German, but it requires a certain effort and certain intelligence to grasp its formula. That effort and intelligence the mass of English novel-readers are not prepared to give. They still expect an American book to be an English book in fundamentals, and, being mentally extremely indolent, they resent finding it otherwise. Such recent American books as O'Hara's *Appointment in Samarra* ; Foster's *American Dream* ; Steinbeck's *Tortilla Flat* and *Of Mice and Men* ; Fleming's *Siesta* ; Fuchs' *Neptune Beach* and McCoy's *No Pockets in a Shroud* (to mention half-a-dozen more or less at random) ask for a little adaptability and perseverance before they yield the secret of their power, originality and humour. The average British novel-reader is not yet, so far as American novels are concerned, either adaptable or persevering.

I must here make plain that, when speaking of the language of the American novel being almost a foreign language, I am not referring to slang. American slang—that amazing blend of flexibility, quick-wittedness and humour—has for long had many "fans" in England and many would-be imitators.* Not so the prose style of the contemporary American novelist,

*Indeed, sometimes it is more keenly appreciated here than in America, for its very unfamiliarity gives it extra kick. This has been impressively exemplified during recent months by the popularity of Damon Runyon, whose Broadway tales seemed good magazine stuff to the Americans, but were recognized here for genius. In America there was too much writing sufficiently like Runyon's to give the latter a chance of the recognition he deserves.

which is something more subtly different from English prose than slang even pretends to be. In it punctuation is synthetized; phrases are telescoped; meanings implied rather than expressed. And it is this unmistakable but unparseable transformation of English into American, which makes so many English readers first uncomfortable and then hostile.

(2) Contemporary American fiction knows few taboos. Whatever happens is material for novel-writing; whatever is human is material for characterization; whatever words are used in talk are words for writing also. A lot of things happen and are human, a lot of words are used which are unpleasant and censurable. In consequence American novels deal with slum-conditions, crime, vice, perversion and cruelty as readily as with quiet rusticity or the humdrum respectability of the ordinary household, and use the language of street or bar-room in doing so.

In England novel-readers like polite books about nice things and pleasant people. They do not want to be told of misery and crime and wantonness. Partly they read for diversion, not in order to learn the world; partly they are genuinely shocked to see in print things which they realize dimly *do* happen, words which they know *are* used, but are better left untold, and unpeated.

Puritanism, therefore, *plus* a wish to be left unwrung, tends to frighten many novel-readers sway from American novels, even those written in a straightforward (if rough) manner, and presenting no stylistic difficulties, no flash-backs and no complex sequences.

As examples of books which frighten by theme rather than technique, I would quote James T. Farrell's *Studs Lonigan* and his other stories of squalor and degradation on Chicago's "South Side". Farrell is a straight writer, with some of the patient realism of Dreiser; but he transcribes the language of the street-corner hooligan, reveals the rottenness at the base of an industrial society, and puts us to shame by his descriptions of the way of life of a vast population which, while it continues, is a growing threat.

(3) There still survives in Britain, and to a surprising degree, a condescending prejudice against American literature. This

69932

has nothing to do with difficulties of technique or unwelcome subject matter. It is an inheritance from the time when America was regarded as a remote, bad-mannered and altogether upstart place—very good at oil, and vast forests, and waterfalls, and railway accidents, and millionaires with huge cigars and funny shoes, but altogether negligible as a source of beauty or thought or taste. That this absurd hang-over from a long dead past affects a large section of the public is considerably the fault of the critics and of those authorities who cater to novel readers. American novels are not given an equal chance with English ones to impress themselves on the public mind or to be available in lending library or bookshop.

Certain reviewers will tackle a batch of American novels with a sort of arch abandon, as though the fact of them being American made them somehow homogeneous and slightly raffish. Others tend to ignore them altogether. All honour to the few who act differently. As for those persons who are responsible for choosing books for library circulation or bookshop display, they almost invariably discriminate against an American novel solely on the grounds of its origin. Up to a point they are justified in pleading that their public prefer the English product ; but only to a point. The public is not obstinately wrong-headed, it is merely ignorant and lazy. It should be regarded as part of a librarian's and a bookseller's duty to dispel ignorance and fight against laziness. The present system panders to both.

* * * * *

To claim for American fiction vitality and importance is not to claim for it perfection or, necessarily, the qualities which made for permanence in literature. Many American novels of the new school are overstrained, crude, needlessly tortuous in expression. Cases are not unknown of an adolescent abuse of sudden liberty—of deliberate aggressiveness of incident and language. But all the same they have vitality, and the importance inherent in all writing which is the genuine expression of a race and an age.

Admittedly, the blossoming in America of a truly American novel—challenging and fiercely individual—is not universally welcomed, even on the spot. Certainly the new fiction has a far wider public in the United States than in Britain ; but

uneasy dislike of its outspokenness and impatience with its technique are still widely prevalent. Also by no means all modern American novels qualify as genuinely American. The old style continues, and finds readers by the hundred thousand. No better proof could be needed of the persistence—alike in America and England—of the taste of yesterday, than the phenomenal success of *Anthony Adverse* and *Gone with the Wind*. The former is an up-to-date *Tom Jones*; the latter, a purely traditional novel, telling a rousing and engrossing tale in an easy, straightforward manner, and containing little to which the strait-laced can object. Is it not then an ideal toward which all novelists should strive? Will not fiction of this kind persist, long after the revolutionaries and experimentalists of to-day have been forgotten? It is possible; but no “novel of escape”, no tapestry-narrative however rich in colour and masterly in design, can possess the fundamental significance of books which, with all their faults, are the voices of a vital epoch in their country’s history.

WANTED—A NATIONAL OPPOSITION

By J. T. MURPHY

AFTER the fateful days of 1938, British politics have become a maze of conflicting currents. Every democrat, of whatever shade of opinion, must be asking pertinent questions as to the future of the Government and the political parties. Will the Chamberlain Government remain much as it is, and run its normal course until it decides to face a general election, or will it be broadened to include the critics, in part or as a whole? Will the opposition forces form a *bloc*, having in view the formation of an alternative Government representing a People's Front?

According to constitutional procedure there is no need for the present Government to face a general election before 1940. Mr. Chamberlain has still the confidence of the great majority of his party and can marshal an overwhelming majority of the votes in the House of Commons on any issue. There is thus no internal crisis in his party of such dimensions as to force him to make an appeal to the country. The initiative still remains in his hands. Yet it cannot be denied that profound changes are taking place in the ranks of all parties which foreshadow the development of a crisis in British politics of the most decisive character. How soon this crisis will occur no one can accurately predict. Nor can we be certain as to the particular issue which will bring matters to a head.

Ever since the economic crisis of 1931, international questions have increasingly overshadowed domestic politics and largely obscured them. Especially has this been the case since the aggressor Powers of Europe and Asia took the offensive and began their wars for the re-division of the world's territory and markets. Nevertheless, it is essential, if we are to grasp the full nature of the crisis now looming immediately ahead, that we appreciate the indivisibility of foreign and home policy, economics and politics.

Whatever our views may be as to the ways and means whereby the Labour Government of 1929-31 was brought down and superseded by the so-called "National" Government, no one can dispute that from that date Britain began to sweep away its traditional liberal economic policy, to become an adherent of the policy of "economic nationalism". The "National" Government swiftly inaugurated the policy of tariffs, quotas, state subsidies, Ottawa agreements and the like. The wages of the industrial workers were drastically cut. The benefits and scales of relief of the unemployed were reduced. The economic position of the professional workers and the Army and Navy was heavily attacked. Under the plea of removing unemployment relief from politics, inroads were made into the powers of public representatives, and new principles were introduced into methods of government. The elective principle was removed from all bodies concerned with the administration of relief and the selective principle established in its stead. The central Unemployment Assistance Board was given complete control, selecting the members of its committees, local or national, and determining how much the recipients of relief should receive. From that time onwards members of Parliament have been precluded from discussing the administration of unemployment relief, except once a year, when the Minister of Labour reports on the work of the Unemployment Assistance Board. Municipal authorities have no further say in the matter whatsoever. Almost coincident with these innovations the Government armed itself with new drastic powers for the suppression of criticism and agitation. It pushed through a Sedition and Disaffection Act. It reorganized the police forces, politically sifted them and brought them under more centralized control.

All these things were done whilst the Labour and Liberal parties lay mutilated. But whatever else the founders of the "National" Government may have done they failed to make the government *national*. The Liberal Party was half in, half out. The Labour Party was entirely out, but for a small coterie of members of the Parliamentary Labour Party who clung to the three leaders MacDonald, Thomas and Snowden, who in turn, became leaders without a party and have since passed from the scene.

Although it appeared on the surface that this transformation of political relations did not signify any profound change in foreign policy, in that the Government proclaimed over and over again its adherence to the Covenant of the League of Nations, it must be clear to-day, on recalling the history of the intervening years, that what happened at Munich had its beginnings with the formation of the "National" Government in 1931. From that moment the re-orientation of British foreign policy began. This may not be clear at first sight, but it is impossible to pursue a policy of fierce competitive fighting in the field of economics and at the same time establish a *régime* of fraternal relations in politics. Once a nation begins to exclude the products of another country, and at the same time devises every kind of ways and means to get over or under the barriers erected by its competitors, the relations between Governments must also take on the form of intensified rivalry.

The exception to this can only be where a country is self-contained economically and not dependent on the world market for the disposal of its goods. Only one country, the U.S.S.R. which is so vast, and has a form of economy that absorbs its products as they are produced, can, in its relations with the rest of the world to-day, act independently of economic questions. In fact, in this case, the political relations determine the economic relations; trade follows fraternity.

In the rest of the world the relations arising from economic rivalry determine friendship. Hence it is that the advent of "economic nationalism" in a country such as ours brings with it political degeneration in international relations. It is the basis of "power politics", which have their own logic. Once "economic nationalism" becomes the dominating principle of a nation it *must* proceed along the path of centralizing economic power and increasing State regimentation of the national life, in order that the "nation" can compete more effectively with other nations. Britain was not the first to do this. It had less reason because of its greater material and market resources, but once it had reached the point of doing it, the character of the changes it inaugurated inevitably followed the same path as in other countries. We can see in the evolution of Germany, Italy and Japan, where this leads. The stages were

well defined—economic nationalism, political isolation and aggression to achieve world power.

For Britain “economic nationalism” must therefore have, as its corollary in foreign affairs, none other than the policy of national isolation, the abandonment of the Covenant of the League of Nations, and the substitution of the bargain counter of power politics, until the rivals for world power clash in the Armageddon of civilization. The moment this is understood it is not difficult to see the connection between the Government’s policy at the Disarmament Conference of 1932, the cynical support of Sir John Simon for the Japanese invasion of China, the failure of the Economic Conference of 1933, the successive betrayals of Abyssinia, Austria, Spain and Czechoslovakia, the lip-service to the ideals of the League, the final abandonment of the Covenant, and the Government’s policy of bilateral bargains with those who take the offensive.

Such great changes have not been carried through without a revulsion of feeling in the country. Each decisive step has met with an ever greater volume of protest. The Labour Party recovered from the loss of its former leaders. The Liberal Party finally crystallized its remnants into a party opposed to the policy of the Government, especially with regard to foreign policy. Great mass protests arose concerning the Government’s policy as it was unfolded in relation to Abyssinia, Spain, Austria, and Czechoslovakia. The revolt has extended into the ranks of the Conservative Party, and some twenty of its members can no longer be relied upon to follow its leaders in the division lobbies of the House of Commons. A bye-election has been fought at Bridgwater since the crisis culminating in Munich, in which the Labour and Liberal Candidates withdrew in favour of the successful intervention of an independent opposition to the Government’s candidate. Members of the Conservative Party also supported the independent. Although the Labour and Liberal headquarters, in similar circumstances at Oxford, sulked in the rear, the Government’s candidate won in this Conservative stronghold by only 3,000 votes. The delegates of 122 Divisional Labour Parties meeting in conference, called on the Executive of the Labour Party, by an overwhelming majority, to take steps immediately to form a democratic front with a view to bringing

down the Chamberlain Government and the formation of a People's Government, pledged to restore Britain's adherence to the policy of collective security based upon the acceptance of the Covenant of the League. Nevertheless, these oppositional forces remain divided.

We are thus faced with a unique situation in which the opposition to the Government stretches from the Communist Party, through the Labour Party and the Liberal Party, to deep within the Conservative Party. All of them are saying they want this country to pursue the policy of collective security with France, and the U.S.S.R., the League of Nations and the U.S.A. All of them declare that they stand for the preservation of the democratic system in this country and denounce the trends of the "National" Government towards the corporate State. Spokesmen of these respective parties and groups repeat each other in the House of Commons and on the public platform. But, though these spokesmen agree that unless this country has a Government which will pursue the policy they almost uniformly propound, the fate of democracy, and even civilization itself is sealed, no concerted effort has yet been made by these leaders to bring the forces together, which alone can ensure that such a policy shall be pursued.

A strange mixture of fears and prejudices holds sway. The Labour Party Executive rejects every approach of the Communist Party with a bitterness and hatred more intense than Labour has ever displayed for the most hide-bound Tory, and this in spite of the fact that the communist-led Soviet Union has proved itself the most loyal adherent of the League of Nations, and without her support there can now be no effective combination to resist the march of the Fascist Powers. The majority of the Liberals are now willing to co-operate with both Tory and Labour, but even amongst these there are many who fear the result.

The dissident Tories led by Mr. Churchill and Mr. Eden are in transition and do not know what to do. They and their followers have got to the stage when they refrain from voting with the Government on questions of foreign policy but not against it. Mr. Eden is calling for an all-in national government, national unity, extraordinary efforts, *etc.*, but it is difficult to

tell whether the "all-in" includes Mr. Chamberlain and his friends, whose policy in international affairs he opposes, or whether he really means he wants a new 'national government' based on an alternative policy to that of Mr. Chamberlain. That this group cannot indefinitely walk in the "no-man's land" of politics is certain.

But the biggest stumbling-block to the creation of an organized National Opposition or People's Front is the Labour leadership. It stubbornly holds to the view that the Labour Party can, within a measurable distance of time, achieve an independent majority, although neither bye-elections nor the recent municipal elections give any justification for this conclusion. The leaders appear to be stamped with the hall-mark of mediocrity. The Government does not feel them to be an alternative to themselves challenging them for power, nor do the members of the Labour Movement. This is not due to the lack of personal qualities. It would not require much brilliance to outshine the front bench of to-day, when it requires an effort of memory to remember who they are. The root of the trouble lies deep in the political views held by the leaders of Labour.

It cannot be an accident and a mere matter of weakness of character, however important that may be, that in every crisis the Labour leadership has failed to reap effectively from the revolt in public opinion against the course pursued by the Government. Ever since the Peace Ballot and its affirmation of loyalty to the League and its Covenant, each crisis has witnessed a surging mass of protest which has been allowed to subside. The scandal of the Hoare-Laval betrayal of Abyssinia and the League brought down the Foreign Secretary. Had the movement been effectively led and organized it would have most probably brought down the Government. It faded away and the Government remained. Nor can it be regarded as an accident that the leaders of the Labour Movement fell for the non-intervention policy of the Government in relation to Spain, and that it took twelve months to convince them it was a fraud. Again, when the crisis in relation to Czechoslovakia reached its most fateful moment and Mr. Chamberlain went to Munich, the Labour leaders in Parliament ceased to be an opposition. And yet again Sir Walter Citrine could stand before the Blackpool

Trades Union Congress, in the very midst of the crisis and ask "Does anyone imagine that these arms are to be used to help Germany to conquer Czechoslovakia?"

These are experiences which, in their sequence and character, could only arise from a leadership failing to grasp the character of the epoch of British policy begun in 1931 with the advent of the "National" Government, and to adjust its strategy and tactics accordingly. Assuming "continuity in foreign policy" the leaders of Labour have continued their rôle of "loyal Opposition" throughout a whole period in which the circumstances cried aloud for an Opposition that would reject no ally and stay its hand at nothing to bring defeat upon the Government. One could say, with eyes on the history of the German Social Democratic Party, that had the latter provided a chart of the course they had pursued in paving the way to the triumph of Hitler, the leaders of Labour in this country could not have followed the same disastrous course more faithfully.

Many words could be found in the speeches and manifestoes of the Labour Party to contradict what is here outlined. For example, Labour's most recent manifesto appears to repudiate the idea that its party is nothing more than a "loyal Opposition". It says: "Mr. Chamberlain and his colleagues have, by their record, forfeited all claim to confidence. They have failed to build a stable peace. They have failed to give the country sound defences. They have failed to make us happy, prosperous and strong. They must be replaced by a government which can inspire and lead this democratic people in a crusade to mobilize its strength for the service of its ideals—that peace, justice and liberty shall be preserved'. And there it ends.

The statement is true enough, but are we not justified in asking, as the Yanks would put it, "So what?" Does it say one word in response to the Liberal Party's manifesto which expresses its willingness to co-operate, or to the Communist Party's similarly expressed willingness to subordinate everything to the preservation of democracy, or in any way encourage the dissidents of the Conservative Party to look in some other direction than that of reforming the Chamberlain Government? Not one. It remains on the path of isolation from the other forces of democracy in exactly the same way that the Chamberlain

Government has isolated British democracy from world democracy.

Nor does it accept the indivisibility of home and foreign policy. Armaments will be discussed separate from the question of the purpose for which arms are to be used. The question of defence is presented as defence against an undefined enemy. "National Service" and "National Sacrifice" are acceptable by whomsoever introduced providing the one preserves the voluntary principle and the other is equitably distributed. Speech follows speech and manifesto is followed by manifesto, proclaiming high principles and noble ideals of international co-operation. Fierce criticisms and denunciations of the Government are accompanied by dread warnings of the wrath to come. But there is no mobilization of labour's forces, no seeking of allies, and thus no power behind the words, and the Labour Movement slowly drifts, full of mingled fear, pessimism and unhappiness, whilst the Chamberlain Government proceeds serenely on its way.

It is important that we estimate the alternative unfolding of the political drama. There is no evidence of such a sweeping increase of support for the Labour Party, that, assuming a general election this year, would secure for it a majority over all other parties. In recent municipal elections it has done little more than hold its own on the previous year's returns. Whatever the political barometer we use to measure the state of opinion, bye-elections or straw ballots, none of them points to the "swing of the pendulum" to the Labour Party alone.

A grim perspective opens out before us. Whatever the Chamberlain Government may do in the form of appeals for a "National Front" in order to secure the co-operation of the Labour Party and the Liberal Party, the differences which divide these parties from the Government on foreign policy preclude the entrance of these parties into the Government before war breaks out. Whichever issue the aggressor Powers may force to the forefront, whether it be the eastward march of the Germanic Empire, the question of the future of Spain, China or the colonies, the cleavage between the Government and the opposition parties is bound to grow sharper and prevent the absorption of the opposition into the Government. The

conservative critics can continue to play the *rôle* of critics, appeal for national unity, extensive and intensive war preparations, and prevent any splitting of the Conservative Party. Meanwhile the Chamberlain Government will be pursuing their policy of "appeasement" with Hitler and Mussolini and making bargains at the expense of democracy wherever they can be made, until the season's sale is exhausted and the rivals for world power stand ready for mutual extermination.

In such a consummation the democratic opposition would inevitably be drawn into the government of National Defence. The conservative critics would cease to be critics. Then, once again, the bulk of the oppositional forces would be swallowed, ideals and all, in the waging of a war the aims of which would be in flat contradiction to all their political aspirations which had inspired their criticism of the Government.

That the whole Labour Movement would follow this course can be ruled out of our calculations. On the contrary the "left" forces would split from it. But whether the split is large or small, the "left" forces will be insufficient to challenge the power of the Government and its allies, fastened, as the rest of the Labour Movement will be, to the engines of war. The economic and main political trends towards the corporate State would then be accelerated. All the mechanism of political oppression, which the war would inflame against any oppositions, and with which Fascist countries have made us familiar, would be put in operation. Such a perspective, inherent within the policy of the Chamberlain Government and the indecisiveness of the democratic opposition, is alarmingly near. A terrible responsibility falls upon those who permit this fate to come upon the people of Britain. Those who will that it shall not happen have to act, and act quickly.

THE PROBLEM OF IRISH UNITY

BY HAROLD C. BROWN

THE Irishman may be an amusing and agreeable fellow to meet with, to talk with, to drink with, but in politics he is a snake. The depth of his hatred for those who are opposed to him is something which only another Irishman can understand. From the cradle he has heard politics discussed with a bitterness which permits of no good word for the champions of the other cause. His side has been chosen for him before he reaches school age. By the time he is old enough to reason about national and international issues his prejudices are so strongly sown that detached reasoning cannot stand against them. These observations apply to the Irishman of both north and south. The only exceptions to them are men whose educational environment has provided a sense of humour and of reality, or those who have travelled sufficiently in foreign lands to realize the pettiness of the things they have fought about at home. Before Irish unity, apart from unity by force, can be regarded as a practical possibility, this political bitterness must be assuaged or bred out.

The majority of the people in Ireland desire unity. For sentimental reasons the nationalists of the south desire Eire to consist of the whole country and not only of twenty-six counties. The unionists of the south desire unity because they feel that with the representatives of Protestant Ulster in Dail Eireann they would have a *rôle* more in keeping with their wealth and character in national affairs. The Roman Catholics of the north desire unity because they share the nationalist aspirations of their co-religionists in the south and because they resent being ruled by a Protestant majority in Northern Ireland. The minority which opposes unity consists of the Northern Protestants, who are not nationalists but imperialists, and who believe that their ties with England are sentimentally

stronger and economically more useful than any ties with the south of Ireland could be.

Northern Ireland some day may be persuaded to come into Eire because it is a businesslike thing to do, but the economic arguments in favour of unity will have to be powerful if they are to submerge the political and religious arguments against it. During the last general election in Eire Mr. Cosgrave's party, Fine Gael, made one of its planks the proposition that the north should be attracted to the south by a high standard of living and economic inducements. Fianna Fail, on the other hand, was platitudinous rather than practical on the unity issue. Mr. Lemass, the Minister for Industry and Commerce, came nearest to a plan with the promise, repeated in nearly every speech that he made, that the Irish all over the world would be organized to force Great Britain's hand in the matter, but he said nothing whatever about the subjects of industry and commerce in relation to unity. All the Fianna Fail speakers insisted that the only man living who could solve the boundary problem was Mr. de Valera—which is a difficult thing to believe, in view of the undoubted fact that if Protestant Ulster had to vote among all the leading figures of the world Mr. de Valera would come out at the top of the poll as "Public Enemy No. 1".

Fianna Fail is assured of five years of office, and neither Fine Gael nor Labour will oppose it in any plan which seems likely to lead to Irish unity. If any such plan is in being, the sooner Fianna Fail sets it in operation the better it will be for the cause that its members profess to have at heart. So far, nearly every step taken since the Free State was established in 1922 has helped to strengthen the border and increase the differences between people of the two Irish States. When those States came into being there were many links between north and south in non-political organizations, in sporting and cultural bodies. Steadily those links are being snapped, and in not one case has the southern part shown itself willing to make a temporary sacrifice in the interests of ultimate political unity. To those who have been in close touch with the severing of such links it is distressing to see reason replaced by propaganda in their treatment by speakers and writers in the south. Great Britain, which was completely out of the question when these breaches

were made, is blamed for the making of them, and that helps to widen them, for no Englishman ever was so annoyed by an attack upon England as is the Ulsterman.

As things are, there is grave danger of two separate nationalities being evolved in Ireland. Racially the only blood common to both northern and southern stocks is that of the ancient Gael. In the south it has been strongly diluted by Danish, Norman and English impregnations. In the north it has been reduced to an imperceptible trickle by two thousand years of intercourse with the Scots. No border was necessary to indicate the existence of two distinct peoples in Ireland. Their essential differences of character and temperament, however, did not prevent their working together on many occasions in the past, principally in the years of the United Irishmen when both Presbyterian and Roman Catholic were the enemies of English rule. Now that they are portioned off, each section to go its own way pretty much as it chooses, whatever they had in common as residents upon the one island can only be preserved by co-operation between the two States. But what co-operation is possible between two peoples who have no common political aim, no common religion and whose interpretations of democratic government are as different as, say, those of Mr. Chamberlain and Stalin?

The rebellion of 1798, which is regarded as having demonstrated a unity of spirit between north and south, really marked the end of political co-operation between Roman Catholics and Presbyterians. The rebellion had two centres, Wexford and Belfast. In the north the United Irishmen fought as patriots; in the south the rising was given a religious twist. Since then all the big political movements in the south of Ireland—Emancipation, Land Reform, Home Rule, Sinn Fein—have been Roman Catholic movements, although some of their greatest leaders and advocates have been Protestants. One hundred years ago, when England's treatment of Ireland was unfair and unfaithful, the Presbyterians of the north, formerly the allies of the Roman Catholics of the south, were drawing to the side of the government class—they had greater ties with the Protestant church than with Daniel O'Connell's party. While there might yet have been a possibility of many men of the north

taking sides with the south in a fight, the methods of subsequent campaigns, agrarian outrage and the boycott, for example, alienated the northern Protestant definitely and finally. The southern Protestant, always more tolerant and liberal, made efforts to understand the Roman Catholic or nationalist point of view ; even to-day the majority of southern Protestants probably would prefer the company of the Catholics of the south to that of the Protestants of the north. Southern Protestants' stock had an aristocratic origin ; northern Protestants are the descendants of farmers and industrialists.

With the development of industry in Ulster in the nineteenth century the difference between northerner and southerner became more marked. The injustices of the landlord system, which were the cause of the south's greatest discontent, were not felt so keenly in the north. The northerner felt that if the southerner would talk less and work more—like the Ulsterman, of course—he would have less time for thinking about his grievances. Gradually England lightened the yoke of her oppression, but while the northerner accepted each concession gratefully, the southerner was not satisfied with the piecemeal reforms and continued to agitate for more. So the two parts of the country gradually, and, in a sense, naturally, developed different mentalities, different sympathies. The more anti-English the south became, the more the north was drawn to the throne.

The Japanese regard for the Mikado as the son of heaven is no more remarkable than the Northern Ireland regard for the king. Whether he be George V., Edward VIII. or George VI., he is, in the Ulsterman's view, the most important person on earth. He is head of the system of government and no matter what happens to Lords or Commons he must remain at the head of whatever remains. In the south George VI. is a foreign king, with no place in the constitution and no authority in the State. When he appears in a motion picture news reel there must be no applause by loyalists in the audience or the film may be stolen. So strong is this feeling against the king of England that a few years ago, the biggest cinema in Ireland, the Savoy, Dublin, was wrecked by an organized party of men who objected to pictures of a British royal wedding appearing. The police did not interfere. No action by the Government followed.

In Northern Ireland nearly every house contains a Union Jack, which is flown every time there is an excuse for doing so. The Union Jack is regarded as the emblem of all that is right and decent and "British" in people and administration. The tricolour of Eire may be flown only as such. If it is flown as a republican banner it is liable to confiscation by the Royal Ulster Constabulary, and it must be a very nice matter to decide in which capacity the flag is being flown, though it would be a safe enough guess that anyone flying the tricolour in Northern Ireland *would* be a republican. If it is flown in close proximity to a Protestant district it may be removed before the police arrive. In Eire the Union Jack may be flown at the risk of the flyer. There was at least one case of a man being murdered for flying it, and since then the Union Jack has not been seen in Dublin. The police do not permit the flags of the British Legion, which have a small Union Jack in the corner, to be carried on the occasion of the Remembrance Day parades. Decorative schemes may include the flags of Mexico, Russia and Republican Spain, but the flag of Great Britain is taboo.

To the Englishman who takes kings and flags more or less for granted these Irish differences over such things may seem rather childish, but they must be childish people in Ireland for they can be infuriated by a flag and enraged by a song. The anthem of Eire, "A Soldier's Song", is a "rebel ditty" in the north; "God Save the King" is a party tune in the south.

However, the differences between northern and southern States do not end with kings and flags and anthems. There is the matter of the Gaelic language. In Eire, Gaelic is a compulsory subject in the schools. It occupies a status supposedly equal to but actually higher than English. It must be used in the courts if any of the parties to an action desires it. Examinations of many varying kinds require a knowledge of it. Entrance to the civil service or the teaching profession is impossible without it. The street names are in Irish as well as English, and notices in omnibuses, trains and on railway platforms must be partly in Gaelic. Now, the "Ulster" attitude to the study of Gaelic is that it is impracticable and wasteful of time. The rising generation of southerners is Gaelic-speaking; the rising generation of northerners is non-

Gaelic speaking. When Dail Eirean assembled after the recent general election three speeches had been made before a word of English was used, and the greater part of the proceedings on the first day were in Gaelic, a language which not more than one-third of the House understands. The reaction of an Ulster Protestant deputy in an All-Ireland parliament, understanding nothing of this Gaelic excursion, would be rather less patient than that of the non-understanding southerners who have become accustomed to it as part of the play.

The standards of living are different in north and south. In the north prices are the same as in England, and the range of goods obtainable is interesting and extensive. In the south prices are high. As a result of the tariff wall nearly every article in everyday use, from typewriter ribbons to saucepans, costs more than it does in Northern Ireland. Also there is a somewhat limited range from which to select. The southern workman is compensated for the higher prices he has to pay by the higher wages he receives, but the civil servant, clerk, policeman, journalist and shop-girl have to struggle along on wages which are in many cases slightly lower than those ruling in the north. For women, of course, the limited assortment of goods on offer in Eire is as great a hardship as their high prices, so that the shop windows of a Northern Ireland or English city hold a fascination for a visiting southern woman that is almost pathetic. The Government of Eire has announced its intention of continuing the tariff policy, so that the possibility of northern and southern prices being brought to the same level is remote.

The points of difference which have been mentioned are freely understood and freely discussed. There are others, of which, probably, very little is known in the north, and which are not popular subjects of conversation in the south. There is, for example, the censorship of books. The Catholic Truth Society and the Catholic Young Men's Society are believed to be the most active forces in bringing books whose "general tendency is immoral" to the notice of the censors. The number of banned books now must be some thousands, and while many of them possess neither literary nor artistic merit, so that there is no great loss to anyone in their being banned, the censors have been responsible for some palpable absurdities. The banning of

Bernard Shaw's "Black Girl in Search of God" is one of the best known examples. Recently a purely technical photographic journal was banned because it had contained nude studies. Films are more drastically censored than in Britain, but it must be confessed that the censor strives to maintain the logical sequence of the pictures and he hesitates to mutilate a scene because of some slight indelicacy. Divorce, in the absolute sense, is not permitted by law in Eire. The importation and sale of contraceptives is forbidden and the advocacy of birth control is illegal. In the north there is no censorship of books, there are no restrictions on birth control, and at present a bill to make divorce easier is under consideration.

These last examples are mentioned as indicating the ways in which the two Irish States are leaving each other. It is not suggested that they constitute any great hindrance to ultimate unity. While a number of Protestants, and some Roman Catholics also, regard the ban on contraceptives and the censorship of books as interference with the liberty of the subject, it is probably true that the majority of sincerely religious people in Northern Ireland would approve of everything that has been done in southern Ireland in these directions.

It is claimed that the two minorities in Ireland can play a great part in bringing about a united Ireland, the southern Protestants by persuading the northern Protestants that nothing but peace, love and harmony await them under the jurisdiction of Dublin, and the northern Roman Catholics by making it impossible for the Northern Parliament to carry on its work. While loving arms fold Ulster into the embrace of Eire, a vigorous boot will help Ulster on her way to that embrace. Ireland is a country of contradictions, and it would seem that method is to be used only as a last resort when everyone is tired of running round in circles.

When the Free State came into being the Protestants of the south took the practical view that the Free State had come to stay, that Britain had ceased to rule in the twenty-six counties, and that the wisest thing to do was behave as loyal citizens of the new *régime*. It would have been useless to form a political party of their own, for their only policy could have been loyalty to Great Britain, and that would have been interpreted as disloyalty

to the Free State. Accordingly, they tried to forget that they ever had been Unionists and they gave freely of their money, their help and their advice to Mr. Cosgrave in building up the new State. Incidentally, the practice which has developed in the last twelve months of referring to Protestant ex-Unionists, as though only Protestants had been Unionists, gives a false impression of the true position in Eire. It is impossible, of course, to quote figures, but it is a reasonable calculation that at least one-third of the Unionists in the south of Ireland were Roman Catholics; and when it is said that the Protestant minority loyally accepted Mr. Cosgrave's Government it is intended to convey that the Unionist Roman Catholics did the same. With the passing of years the Roman Catholics who were Unionists have been completely merged with the other Roman Catholics of the big parties, and the only thing which makes the Protestants a separate group is their religion. Of course there were, and are, "die-hards" who, while law-abiding and eminently desirable citizens in every other sense, cannot regard themselves as part of the southern State. It also seems to be the case that all but a fraction of the Protestants of the south will continue, as will their children, to regard themselves as loyal subjects of the king, no matter how loyal they may be to the State as well.

In the north the Roman Catholic minority refused to accept the Northern Government as their government. A strong section engaged in active rebellion against the government, and the majority pursued a policy of non-co-operation. It has become the fashion to compare and contrast the treatment of the southern minority by its Roman Catholic rulers with the treatment of the northern minority by its Protestant rulers, but the comparison is not complete unless one also compares the behaviour of the southern minority with that of the northern minority. As Mr. Cosgrave discovered during the Civil War in the south, rebellions cannot be crushed without desperate measures, and it is impossible to avoid that the medicine intended for the rebel should occasionally be given to the sympathizer with the rebel. The first tasks of both the Northern Government and the Free State Government were to stamp out armed resistance to their authority. In an already

embittered country the seeds of further bitterness were sown. As the exchanges between *Fine Gael* and *Fianna Fail* showed, on the first day of the new Dail, the fruits of those seeds still are flourishing, in Dublin as well as Belfast.

One of the measures adopted to stamp out the rebellion in the north was the Civil Authorities (Emergency Powers) Act, which enables swift and efficacious action to be taken against forces like the "Irish Republican Army". A similar measure was adopted in the south by an amendment of the Constitution. Devised for use against the I.R.A., the Free State measure was also used by Mr. De Valera when he came into office against the "Blue Shirts", and it was employed dramatically to effect the arrest and detention of General O'Duffy who, only a few months before, had been the chief of the Free State police. In the south the measure continued in existence until the new constitution was adopted at the end of 1937. In the north the necessity for the act continues, the I.R.A. still being an active force, in possession of secret dumps of arms and explosives which are brought to light from time to time. It is true that the Emergency Powers Act could be used against a man who had no association with the I.R.A., but it is a libel on the Northern Government to state that the Act is preserved for the purpose of punishing innocent people who could not be convicted under the ordinary law.

The northern minority is said to be oppressed in two other ways. The constituencies have been so arranged that the Unionists have more than their fair share of representation on local boards and in parliament. That is true. The Unionist defence is that in their view constituencies should be arranged according to their rateable valuation rather than according to their population. The other form of oppression is the attempt by the State to secure control of schools by regional committees. This has been resisted by the Roman Catholics, who insist that the control of their schools should be in the hands of the priests. Schools which have been transferred to the regional committees, on which the priests are entitled to representation, secure higher grants than schools which remain under private or Church control. Theorists in the science of democratic government will, no doubt, be able to form opinions of their own on both these forms of oppression.

Is there any hope of reconciling the Gaelic, republican and Roman Catholic State with the British, imperialistic and Protestant State? Can Northern Ireland be expected to become non-British and separatist, to abandon the Union Jack, the King and "God Save the King", to accept the higher prices which must follow incorporation in the tariff walls of Eire? No one who knows the north will hesitate to say, "No". Can Eire be expected to become less anti-British, to fly the Union Jack and sing "God Save the King", to abandon the republican ideal, to lower her tariffs and to moderate her Gaelic policy? No one who knows the south will think of saying, "Yes". Does hope for unity, then, lie only in the desperate suggestion that by breeding huge families Roman Catholics in the north eventually will so outnumber the Protestants as to be able to vote them into Eire?

Reference was made a few months ago in a letter to *The Times* to the agreement between the Governments of Eire and Northern Ireland for the representation of Ireland as a single cultural unit in the Congress of Historians at Zurich. This was hailed as a sort of happy omen for the future, and the writer went on to mention the fact that the Roman Catholic and Protestant Churches in Ireland pay no regard to territorial boundaries while the Royal Irish Academy preserves a national rather than a State position. "From this small beginning we may fairly hope to see a steady growth of understanding which will lead ultimately to unity between Irishmen of all creeds and politics in honourable service to their native land". The fact that not one Irishman in every thousand has ever heard of the Congress of Historians and that not one in every ten thousand cares whether or not his country is represented in it, does not matter so much. There has, apparently, been this tiny piece of co-operation between the two States, and if there could be greater things north and south might be on their way to the sympathetic understanding of each other which must preface any political unity. Undoubtedly there is a certain cultural unity in the country. There is a certain sporting unity. The churches are united within themselves. But cultural, sporting and religious unity only remain so long as politics are rigorously excluded from culture, sport and church. The most miserable of all the

sporting divisions, in athletics, is almost entirely due to the insistence of the National Athletic and Cycling Association upon political aims and emblems. The new governing body of athletics in Eire, which has re-established friendly relations between northern and southern athletes, is being attacked continually in Dublin as partitionist, although it is healing the wound which the anti-partitionists created.

Englishmen, desirous that Ireland should be at peace and that the northern hare should frolic with the southern hound, are inclined to exaggerate the importance of historians fraternizing. The cause of there being two Irish States has less to do with the attitude of Irishmen to one another than it has with the attitude of Irishmen to England. If the people of Northern Ireland could be induced or persuaded to hate England as much as the people of Southern Ireland do, unity would be very close. If, on the other hand, the people of Southern Ireland could develop Northern Ireland's irrational love of England, unity would be a possibility—though not necessarily so close as if hate was the supreme emotion. So, if England wants Irish unity her best course would be to infuriate Ulster. Unfortunately an Ulster Protestant separatist party would make Fianna Fail's republicanism look red, white and blue in comparison; with it in power in Dublin, yet a third Constitution would be necessary for Eire!

The acquisition by Germany of those parts of Czechoslovakia which are claimed to contain majorities of German race and German sympathy, and the British Prime Minister's consent to the German plan, have been hailed by a section in Ireland as a reason why Mr. Chamberlain should initiate a scheme for the adjustment of the border between Eire and Northern Ireland. Irish politicians have a weakness for Continental precedents which seem to suit their own cases. In the early part of 1935 Northern Ireland was being described as "Ireland's Saar"; now it has become the "Irish Sudetenland!" A unity movement, successor to several others with similar titles, has been commenced by the Northern nationalists—perhaps it would be more accurate to say that the unity movement which has not ceased to exist since 1920 has adopted new arguments and taken on a new phase of activity—and all sorts of fancy plebiscite

schemes have been proposed. If there were a plebiscite by counties, Tyrone and Fermanagh might vote for their inclusion in the southern State. If there were a plebiscite by smaller areas, parts of Down, Armagh and Londonderry might show a majority in favour of government from Dublin, but substantial parts of Tyrone and Fermanagh would desire to remain under Belfast. For that reason the nationalists advocate a plebiscite by counties where it would suit them and by smaller areas where it would suit them, or, alternatively, a plebiscite in Counties Tyrone, Fermanagh, Londonderry and Armagh as a complete unit. It is doubtful if the nationalists themselves are serious in these proposals.

It has been stated that the Northern Council for Unity is in close touch with the Fianna Fail party led by Mr. De Valera. Soon after the Czechoslovakian crisis a secret meeting of the Fianna Fail party took place in Dublin, and it was rumoured that "partition" was one of the subjects discussed. In the same week Lord Craigavon, in the Northern Ireland House of Commons, declared that his Government's attitude to Irish unity was unchanged--Northern Ireland had taken its "plebiscite" in the last general election. A few days later, at meetings of republican extremists, speakers were promising to settle not only the problem of Irish unity but to break completely the "imperial connection" as soon as Britain was in the throes of the next war. If Eire were as strong as Germany and Britain were as weak as Czechoslovakia—and the Northern Ireland Unionists were less numerous—Mr. De Valera might be Herr Hitler, Mr. Chamberlain might be Dr. Benes and Mr. Cahir Healy might be Herr Henlein. Unfortunately, perhaps, for Czechoslovakia, fortunately, perhaps, for Europe, there was no Lord Craigavon in the Sudetenland. Northern nationalists and Fianna Fail want Britain to remove a geographical border while they neglect to take any step to remove the far greater border that exists between Irishmen's hearts.

BALTIC TRENDS

By ROBERT MACHRAY

SINCE the Munich Agreement the change in the balance of power to Germany's great advantage has had, as was only to be expected, a very definite effect on the high politics of the Baltic. That effect can be put into a single sentence : increased and more and more justified fear of German dominance on the part of most if not all of the other countries whose shores are washed by that sea. When the Memel elections on December 11 made headlines for the world Press, and suggested the speedy return of that troubled autonomous territory to Germany, the news possessed a deeper significance. In itself Memelland is but a small district with about 150,000 population, and therefore its acquisition by the Reich is relatively unimportant—and nothing like Austria or Czechoslovakia as a gain for Herr Hitler. The real meaning of the Nazi agitation in Memel is that it foreshadows the great German drive up the Eastern Baltic and German dominance in all that area. And with that dominance would go, as a matter of course, whenever Germany so willed it, the loss of the freedom of the Baltic to world shipping, as was the case during the Great War.

At present no fewer than nine States share, though very unequally, the Baltic coast. Apart from Germany, Soviet Russia and in less measure Poland, all the other States are small as regards population ; Sweden, which has the largest, has upwards of six millions, while Estonia, with the least, has only one and a quarter millions. Danzig, to-day still nominally a Free City but practically German, can be left out of the account. Of the six small States of the Baltic not one is possessed of considerable military or naval strength in itself—a sufficient reason for their pursuing a pacific policy ; but this does not mean that they do not cherish their national independence. The contrary is the case. Sensitively conscious of the German

menace, they wish with all their hearts they could counter it. Even Sweden, long indifferent, is seriously perturbed. But the threat to her is not so immediate and direct as it is to the small States on the eastern side of the Baltic, Lithuania, Latvia and Estonia.

Although the various Baltic peace settlements which were concluded in 1919-20 cost Germany the Danzig Corridor and Memel, they did not materially change for the worse the position that she had long held on that sea. It was Russia, her rival in that region, who was the chief sufferer, losing hundreds of miles of coast when Lithuania, Latvia and Estonia, together with Finland, emerged as independent national States. And here it is proper to recall that none of them achieved their juridical status by virtue of Versailles but by treaties negotiated with Soviet Russia. Nor should it be forgotten that while in her struggle with the Reds Finland owed a great deal to German assistance, the three other States, in their wars of Independence, owed Germany nothing. Indeed, they had to overcome and expel Germans as well as Bolsheviki from their territories—a process expedited to some extent by British warships.

It is against those three States that the German drive in the Baltic is chiefly directed. Since Herr Hitler came to power they have been made aware of their danger by incessant and unscrupulous Nazi propaganda, founded on skilful economic penetration and the historic German connexion with Estonia and Latvia, as well as the Memel question with Lithuania. There has been no concealment of German aims; indeed, they have been as well advertised as were those concerning Austria and Czechoslovakia. As far back as 1934, when Hitler had nothing like the tremendous power he now wields, he refused to join Soviet Russia in a pact guaranteeing the independence and territorial integrity of the three States. If Hitler has since been silent respecting his Baltic policy, except about Lithuania, other Nazi leaders have given free utterance to the point of view. Foremost among them was and is the notorious Dr. Alfred Rosenberg, himself a "Balt.", *i.e.*, a person of German descent born in the "Baltic Provinces"—now substantially synonymous with Estonia and Latvia.

In 1934, the year in which Hitler refused the Soviet Baltic

pact, the official Nazi calendar gave typical expression to the German attitude at that time by stating on one of its pages in large capitals, "The Baltic will soon be German again", the immediate reference being to the Eastern Baltic, particularly to Estonia and Latvia. The claim implicit in this Nazi pronouncement was preceded by two striking sentences; the first was that the "population of the Baltic is almost entirely German", and the second that "in 1920 the Peace Treaty of Versailles set up a foreign government over the Baltic people". Both statements are absolutely false, but together with the claim to the Baltic, they are still put forward and pressed by the Nazis.

What is historically true is that Germans were in possession of a large part of the Eastern Baltic area for several centuries, starting from the fifteenth, and that during that period a German landed nobility, later identified with the "Baltic Barons" was established with governing powers. This seignorial rule, with but little change, lasted all through the Swedish and Russian occupations. Naturally this class warmly welcomed the German forces which overran the region in the Great War, and encouraged the German adventurers who after the Armistice in 1918 strove to retain it for Germany. It was not surprising that one of the first measures passed by the Governments of Estonia and Latvia after the foundation of the two republics expropriated the estates of their German aristocrats for the benefit of their respective indigenous landless peasantry. Most of the barons departed for Germany where their presence gives some point to the Nazi Baltic slogans.

What was in the German mind so far as the Eastern Baltic was concerned was plainly intimated by the Treaty of Brest Litovsk years before the Nazi *régime* came into existence. A recent book describes that treaty as "forgotten", but neither Germany nor the Baltic forgets it. Annulled by a proviso of the Armistice of 1918, it yet retains definite value as presenting a programme of German expansion in Europe. For example, "Ukraina" was taken from Soviet Russia by Germany. But also the Brest Litovsk Treaty gave Germany the whole of the Eastern Baltic up to the Gulf of Finland, as well as Finland, to dispose of as she pleased. At that time her pleasure was to

constitute a string of vassal States. Estonia and Latvia, as Livonia, figured by name in the treaty, but Lithuania was passed over, because she was then regarded as having already become altogether German, and partly at least by her own wish.

Leaving aside Memel and Memelland, Germany, however, can advance no such historic claims to the possession of Lithuania as those connected with Latvia and Estonia. The past of Lithuania was bound up with Poland and not with Germany. The partitions of Poland brought her within the orbit of Russia, whose defeat and collapse in the Great War made her the easy prey of Germany. The overthrow in turn of the Central Powers led to her regaining her independence, the Germans retiring from the country in 1919. Her next major contact with Germany came about through her seizure of Memel and its territory in 1923. Ten years later the Nazis were beginning to be active and troublesome in Memel, and the Memel question soon took its place among the difficulties of Europe deliberately exploited by Hitler.

Among other reasons the Nazi pressure on Lithuania induced that State in 1934 to sign the Baltic Pact with Estonia and Latvia, who had been joined for several years by a defensive alliance of a general character, and now were feeling something of that pressure too. The pact resulted in the formation of the Baltic Entente, one of whose main objects was to secure the acquisition and discussion of information of importance on hostile propaganda and intrigue with a view to appropriate action. Like other Ententes of the time, the Baltic Entente functions through conferences of the respective Foreign Ministers of the component States. But the course of events in Europe, notably the manifest decline of the League of Nations, so fatal to the hopes of small nations, has been against it, and on the whole it has not realized the expectations raised at its start. Perhaps it should be added that by the pact Estonia and Latvia expressly disinterested themselves respecting the Memel question and the Vilna controversy.

Vilna has had a good deal to answer for in the Eastern Baltic. In the early days when a Baltic League, based mainly on Poland, was mooted and came near success, it proved the stumbling-block which brought the promising project to nothing.

Yet Polish policy has consistently stood for the maintenance of the independence and territorial integrity of the Baltic States. Pilsudski, always proud of his Lithuanian descent, took the part of Lithuania against Germany over Memel, even after his ten-year peace pact with Hitler, and when Polish relations with Lithuania were actually anything but good. International developments in 1936-37 caused Poland to emphasize the idea of "neutrality" and commend it to several of the Baltic States as a policy she herself pursued. The upshot was that none of those States was willing to join forces with the big ideological blocks that divided the Continent, but there was some talk of their taking part with Poland in the formation of a kind of *cordon sanitaire* to help keeping the peace.

Not in itself by any means a bad thing, the opening of their common but long closed frontier in the spring of 1938 did not improve the relations of Lithuania and Poland to each other, since it was forced by a Polish ultimatum. But as that year of fate rolled on there was a significant change in the Baltic, as, of course, elsewhere, which began with Hitler's annexation of Austria and the persecution of her non-Nazis, and continued as the threat to Czechoslovakia became more and more pronounced. As it happened, I was making a tour of the Eastern Baltic from Danzig to Helsingfors last September when the crisis kept on growing in intensity till it reached its climax at Munich as the month was closing. From early in that month I found a feeling in the air that the destinies of the little nations, not excepting the Baltic States, were in the balance.

In Kaunas (Kovno) it was said that the liberal Great Powers should and would be just as interested in the independence of the small Baltic nations as in that of Czechoslovakia and the other small nations of Central and Eastern Europe. Till past the middle of September there, and in Riga and in Tallinn (Reval), the capitals of the Baltic Entente, the fervent hope if not precisely the confident belief, was expressed that England would stand firmly by Czechoslovakia. Somehow or other Mr. Chamberlain was figured as the champion of small nations—a rôle in which he certainly has never cast himself—and he was much applauded for his "courage in facing up to Hitler". The news of the mobilization of the British Fleet was received with

the utmost enthusiasm, as was a message recording the mobilization of the Czechoslovak Army. Two or three days of almost unbearable suspense followed, and then came Munich! If any illusion was left in the Baltic respecting the total defeat of the liberal Powers, it must have been quickly dissipated by what has since taken place concerning Czechoslovakia, who has completely lost her independence—a dreadful warning to all nations whether great or small.

The reaction of the States of the Baltic Entente to Munich was shown when in October the Government of Estonia proclaimed that country's neutrality, after the fashion of Belgium and Switzerland, in case of war. Two months later Latvia followed suit. But it was a safe bet that Memel would give Hitler the opportunity of making Lithuania the first of the three States to feel his triumphs. Indeed, hardly had the Munich Agreement been put through when Press dispatches announced that Germany had offered Lithuania a fifteen-year pact of non-aggression, but under conditions that would transform her into a German vassal State. It recalled the somewhat similar pact which Hitler had once offered to Czechoslovakia (though that was for twenty years) and which she had declined. Absorbed by the tragedy of Czechoslovakia, Europe, as a whole, paid no attention to Hitler's proposed deal with Lithuania.

Germany suspected that Lithuania had a secret treaty with Soviet Russia, and the first condition of the pact offered by Herr Hitler was that Lithuania should renounce any collaboration whatsoever with the Soviet Union, and base her entire foreign and internal policy on friendship with the Reich. The second condition was that Lithuania should export her agricultural produce exclusively to Germany, who in return would supply her with machinery and manufactured goods. If the first condition was aimed at Russia, the second chiefly applied to trade with Great Britain, who buys a large proportion of Lithuanian products, such as bacon, butter and other food-stuffs—for cash, too, and not by barter, as is the well-known method of exchange employed by Germany. Berlin denied, however, that the offer had been made, and it dropped out of sight. But soon reports were published of renewed Nazi activities in Memelland.

Beneath the surface the Nazis had never ceased their activities in the autonomous territory; now they came out into the open. For the nonce they contented themselves with demanding the lifting of the state of siege, or martial law, which the Lithuanian Government had imposed for the maintenance of peace and order. Though after Munich the continuance of the state of siege was as necessary as ever before, the Lithuanian Government felt it had no option but to yield. When on November 1, Antonas Smetona was elected, for a third term, President of Lithuania, Memelland ostentatiously abstained from voting, its leader stating that he hoped to restore tranquillity to the territory by increasing its police force and securing the help of its population, meaning thereby the local Nazis. Lithuania was simply boycotted.

The voting for a new Diet (*Landtag*) for the autonomous territory of the Memel Statute which took place last month shows that the Nazi Party has elected 25 out of 29 candidates, a gain of one vote on the previous election three years ago. The issue was simply Germanism or Lithuanianism; the Nazi leader, Dr. Neumann, has just been released after four years' penal servitude in a Lithuanian prison, and in himself typified the "return to the Reich." Approximately 59,000 voted the Nazi ticket against 9,300 for the Lithuanian. While it is certain that the vote will be interpreted as a demand and a sanction for reunion with Germany, the decision for *Anschluss* patently lies in Hitler's hands. It merely waits, however, on his convenience, nor is he likely, as things stand, to pay much attention to the protests of England and France, two of the four guarantors of the Memel statute, especially as the two other guarantors are Italy and Japan.

In Memelland not only Lithuania but also Latvia and Estonia see with fear the entering wedge of German domination of the Eastern Baltic. The watchful could scarcely be blind to the significance of the resignation in mid-November of Dr. Holsti, the distinguished Foreign Minister of Finland. The public was informed that he resigned because of ill-health, but the Helsingfors correspondent of *The Times* let the cat out of the bag by explaining that Germany was the real cause. Holsti's friendly attitude, it was said, to England, France and the United States had prejudiced him in official German eyes, and had

recently subjected him to vigorous German diplomatic attack. He was accused, besides, of having made (in a speech at a luncheon in Geneva during the League Assembly) objectionable remarks about Hitler, and though he denied the charge, he was told that he did not enjoy the confidence of the German Government. And so Holsti had to go!

While the Baltic and other little nations were digesting Holsti's forced resignation and its obvious implication, the Scandinavian States—Denmark, Sweden and Norway—were agitated by the disclosure in their midst of a vast and elaborate German spy organization. The first intimation came from Denmark, long scheduled for Nazi attack, and several Germans were arrested, documents seized revealing the extent and methods of these agents, both in that country and the two other States. Germans were also arrested in Sweden, where a special force of detectives was formed to deal with Nazi spies; and Norway took similar action. Next came a report of a speech by Herr Sandler, the Foreign Minister of Sweden, which throws light on a further development of the Nazi programme for all the small States of the Baltic.

Herr Sandler stated categorically that attempts were being made by Germany to carry through "Aryanization" beyond the German frontiers by influencing trade relations in other countries, and he spoke of Swedish firms trading with Germany who had been informed of the unsuitability of having non-Aryan employees. Further, Swedish subsidiary companies had been asked for information regarding employees and capitalization from the point of view of "Aryanization"; this had occurred, apparently, not only to subsidiaries registered in Germany as German undertakings, but also to the Swedish parent concerns. "Here" observed Herr Sandler, "the limits of propriety have undoubtedly been exceeded". Having noted that some Swedish firms had, unfortunately, complied with the German requests, he asked the whole business community of Sweden to co-operate in vindicating the principle that in their country Swedish law alone was acknowledged. He added, as well he might, "To meet impudence with submission is not the right method", though he must have been pretty certain that these words would entitle him to a high place in the German rogues' gallery, in which Lord Baldwin has been so recently installed.

Referring to Swedish relations with foreign countries, Herr Sandler, according to a Reuter message, went on to say that there was reason to expect a naval agreement between England and the Scandinavian States to be signed in the near future. This is interesting, but any other comment must wait till the aim and scope of the agreement are known. It may be pointed out, however, that, while Scandinavia holds in the Kattegat one of the two entrances to the Baltic—the other being the Kiel Canal, which is absolutely in German hands—Germany could close that entrance within a few hours, so great is her power in that sea. Next to Germany Soviet Russia is potentially strongest in the Baltic, but her share of its littoral is insignificant, and no one seems to know what is the value of her Fleet there or, for that matter, elsewhere. If not precisely a Great Power Poland is a great State; her Navy is growing, but is no match for that of Germany, whose armies are three or four times as large as those of Poland.

Mr. Munters, the young and energetic Foreign Minister of Latvia, spent some ten days last month here in England on a trade mission, but it cannot be supposed that he did not take occasion to touch on Baltic foreign affairs, perhaps even to discuss the German menace, more particularly to the States of the Baltic Entente, of which he is the Latvian representative; and also to say something about the freedom of the Baltic. He would doubtless be listened to with understanding and sympathy, and trade differences may be easily adjusted, but the other subjects have a different and less tractable character, as the consequences of Munich are, unescapably, what they are. Just lately the prospects of a Baltic bloc based on Poland, which Estonia and Latvia favoured, have improved in appearance by the drawing together of Lithuania and Poland under German pressure, but in reality Poland's turning to Soviet Russia can hardly please all the other Baltic States, though they are not afraid of her as they used to be. With good reason, it is Germany they fear. The plain truth about the Eastern Baltic States is that they are in what diplomats style a "difficult position". That is what was said by them about Czechoslovakia. I wish I could add, *absit omen!*

CHEF D'ORCHESTRE

BY GERALD WYNNE RUSHTON

IT was market-day in Prémoney. Lying in the great four-poster bed, in his room on the first floor of Madame Creille's very rum-tumbly old house, which for all its doddering appearance, stood so firmly at the corner of the Rue du Cornichon, M. Alphonse Cadol savoured, as one who tastes delicately with carefully guarded palate, the various noises that arose from the street below. The peculiarly thin squeak, penetrating to a degree, of French motor horns; the loud throaty grumble of the grotesquely massive and lumbering farm-tumbrils, drawn by deep-chested wide-flanked Percheron horses, patient and stolid as the earthy, ^{on} ggy drovers who so skilfully manœuvred them through the ^{altic} ^{ste} ^{any} old streets. The deeper rumble of lorries, and the clang ^{any} lick-dockety trams, and under, over, through it all, the ^{any} ^{any} of footsteps some sharp and decided, some lingering and irresolute, some heavy with age, some skimming with youth, some light-hearted, some full of a certain *empressement*, some slow, measured with the pedantry of pride, all passing and repassing, a veritable cinematograph of sound to the man listening with love in the great bed.

For Alphonse Cadol loved Prémoney with the abiding love of one who, knowing all, can understand. There was not a stone in all its witching compact beauty of which he did not know the story. The old lovely Quai des Tilleuls, down by the river, bloomy with great limes, full of harsh shadows and patches of brilliant cold light ever since they had strung its length with the arc lights that had taken the place of the *lanternes*, so charitably intermittent, of former days. The Place Joseph Billard, with its flamboyant and beautifully bad statue of the little town's hero of the Revolution. The Cathedral, a lovely fourteenth-century dream, unfinished for lack of funds, now just a soaring swelling strength of sumptuous façade—and no behind to speak

of. Rather like a lion—Alphonse Cadol thought. Above all, the little Grande Place, so exquisitely proportioned by some miracle of design, or chance, that it had all the air of spacious liberality that characterizes the Place de la Concorde. Here, in this heart of the little town, as in the heart of an heraldic rose, the Prefecture, once upon a time the Archbishopal Palace, matched its early Renaissance glory with the Mansart magnificence of the Mairie, and the twelfth-century austerity and strength of the Halles.

The fourth petal of this rose of History was the line of high gabled houses, formerly heavy and opinionated with the propriety of private residence, now gay and hospitable with the gaiety of shops and cafés. In the middle of the row, most popular, most character-full, of all the cafés in Prémoney stood the Café Bouchartin, where M. Alphonse Cadol was *Chef d'Orchestre*. It was when he remembered this, that M. Cadol's heart failed him—that he felt like a man under sentence of death. For times were hard, and the proprietor of the Café Bouchartin was losing money, and had decided to dispense with the services of an orchestra—and install a panatrope-radio. To-day was the last day, the condemned Cadol reflected, that he would direct life in the Café Bouchartin.

For that, indeed, was what his position as *Chef d'Orchestre* had meant to him. Posed at his music-stand, his violin under his chin, he directed, with uplifted glancing bow, not so much the selection from "Tannhäuser," or "Bohème", or Chaminade incidental to the programme, as the whole gamut of emotions at that moment concentrated within earshot among the tables of the café. He had done that nearly every day for thirty-five years; and now he would do it no longer. Within a week's time he would be in Paris—second violin (he winced at the title) in the orchestra of a great restaurant of international reputation. He was grateful for the appointment, which he owed to the kindness of the proprietor of the Café Bouchartin, and which was the latter's tribute to the artist whom he could, unfortunately, no longer afford to employ. For times were changing, even here in Prémoney where so little appeared to change. Patrons were no longer the same; the leisure of the old days was gone; it, the proprietor felt, did not really matter to these hurly-burly types that sat at his tables, whether they

listened to a proper orchestra or a panatrope, they showed no real appreciation ; and with taxation what it was, and likely to rise still further, he felt that the change was justified. And M. Cadol, that veritable *philosophe sous les toits*, could not but agree with him. As Auguste, the cornet player had truly said, "The orchestra means nothing to these young people, it is just a noise that saves them from hearing the rattle of their own empty heads—the wireless can serve the same purpose just as well. They do not care"—with which bitter comment M. Cadol had, as far as music was concerned, agreed. It was, however, not the whole of his approach to their impending dissolution as an orchestra. That centred more round his new position as second violin in Paris. Oh he was lucky to get anything at all after all those years, and the pay was excellent, but—but—as he remarked to Mme. Creille, his landlady: "In Paris, Madame, my job will be too keep the wolf from the door. Here it is so much more than just that—it is a means of expression".

It was true. That was the whole heartbreaking worst of it. He was fifty-five years of age, and ever since he had entered the orchestra as a lad of twenty, he had given it all there was in him to give. He had never married. "I am married to the Café Bouchartin", he would say, "*et elle est une mariée très exigeante*". But if his *mariée* was that, she was also a constant joy to him. He was always fascinated by the same conflicting interests at the tables about him, he would study the faces of the clientèle, whether habitués or passing strangers, and if they failed him, which was rarely, his soul and what claim to the name of artist he possessed (and it was much) could feed on the intimate quality of the little Town. "*Prémoney n'est pas une ville, elle est un moment intime, un tête-à-tête charmant et varié*"—M. Cadol would declare—and indeed he found it so. And now all that was over—and ahead lay Paris. He shivered, and pulled the bedclothes closer about him. Down in the street Père Blaudet's wagons were passing, rattling emptily homewards bound. There would be no *greniers d'abondance* in Paris, reflected M. Cadol—no cafés, they were all disappearing—but still he would have a job, a very good job, he would still be able to study humanity—and, in the moment he conceived the thought, knew it for a lie. His "feel" for those about him would be killed by the banks of

flowers between him and the smartly dressed crowd—so different anyhow from his beloved Prémonçais ; and in any case there was the psychological difference between second violin and *chef d'Orchestre*. He decided to get up.

Down below, in the Rue du Cornichon, an Ilford boy of some twenty-odd English summers was buying picture postcards. Technically he had lost himself ; actually he had found something that all his life long he was never to forget. A misunderstanding due to French that was more speculative than academic (it would never be colloquial) had landed him into the little town. He had really meant to go somewhere entirely different, and that sixty miles the other side of Paris, and had found himself off the map. But being the only son of his Mother—and she was England—he was making the most of his opportunities. For it was not likely he would be able to afford another holiday like this for a long time. He was not very well educated, and his social background was lower-middle class, but Harry Brown did what little reading he could find time for with an unconscious discrimination, and it was typical of him, as he wandered about Prémoncy this June morning, that he was thinking of “ Eugénie Grandet ” and M. le President de Bonfors ” and “ Charles ”. He wondered if Mme. Creille’s house was like the Maison Grandet inside, and whether the *salle* held fly-blackened gilt and upholstery patched out of recognition of the original designs from La Fontaine. The most common-place street thrilled him, with the great thrill of seeing something foreign for the first time. He looked at old houses and wondered what hidden wickedness they concealed. That they could house lives as orderly and ordinary, if somewhat differently orientated, as the lives of the citizens of Ilford would have been a cruel disappointment to him. They must be different. Had not Balzac’s genius made them different for all time ? Wasn’t it that genius (albeit in translation) which had made him come abroad when the whole family wanted him to go to Great Yarmouth with the rest of them ? That, and a sudden sense of something familiar, yet beyond his ken, in the halting broken English of a foreigner whom he had directed one day in the street. He never saw him again, but, just as the oyster coats with nacre some foreign substance introduced into the shell, so

to Harry the memory of the foreigner became empearled with fugitive and evanescent dreams of an existence holding just that difference from his own which was Romance. His family's astonishment when he announced his intention of going to France—and alone too—was only equalled by his mother's certainty that something was wrong. She was of the type that mentally selects the flowers for the day's dead when she gets up in the morning; and to her it was not natural or right to do anything that she herself did not feel positive about from sheer habit. It is true that his own generation did not find his decision very extraordinary; but their agreement with him was apt to take the form of heavy banter on the subject of Madmesels-from-Armenteers, as if that was the only form of girl France provided.

The postcards were not very good ones, because Prémoney (thank Heaven!) is clean off the average tourist's sheep-track, so Harry decided to go back to the Grande Place; there was a shop there in which he thought he'd seen something better. He turned a corner and found himself in a long quiet cobbled street, one side of which was private houses, the other the high wall of a convent. Somewhere a bell tinkled, a little raucous sound echoing against the prim house fronts. He walked slowly along it, finding its difference to such a street at home full of the most unexpectedly moving charm. At the end of the street was a church, its soaring lines and crockets a little smudged by the years, its niches in the porch regal with the timelessness of saints and knights and kings. As he stood there taking in detail after detail, which fed the hungry brood of nestling aspirations awaking in his heart, the side door of the church opened. There came out two boys carrying fantastic-looking lighted lanterns on staves, one of whom also rang a little hand-bell at intervals. Behind them came an old clergyman (Harry knew he was a clergyman because he wore a surplice) with a sort of wide richly embroidered satin shawl about his shoulders which was folded about the hidden Object he carried. Behind the clergyman came a boy who held a large white umbrella over the priest's head. The little procession turned and disappeared down a side street—passers-by doffed hats and knelt; Harry, ignorant, mystified, thrilled by the little pageant, turned away wondering at a life in which such things happen.

The day wore on. The shadows lengthened unobtrusively over the little town, discovering from hour to hour, and angle to angle, old strengths new-coined with the patina of passing years, or relentlessly revealing the cruelty of some tactless modern building blatant with efficiency. Harry had *déjeuner* down on the Quai des Tilleuls, enjoying the, to him, unconventional atmosphere of a table on the pavement. The air was heavy with the scent of lime flowers, and the droning of a million bees at work was pleasant to the ear. It was here that he met Franz Schmitt. The German boy, more sophisticated and better educated than the Englishman, had spotted Harry at once for what he was—and, being nationally less shy than Harry, had made the first advances. Harry was delighted to find that Franz spoke English—and the two lads had spent the afternoon together. And so they came towards evening back to the Grande Place, to the Café Bouchartin.

The orchestra of the Café Bouchartin plays, during the summer months, in one of the two big windows on either side of the entrance. It can thus be heard and seen equally well by those patrons at the little tables on the pavement under the awning, and those at the long tables inside. Indeed, as M. Cadol had truly remarked, clients were well under the observing eye of his bâton. This evening the café was fairly full for so early an hour—it was but six o'clock; for all Prémoney knew it was the last day that Monsieur Cadol and his orchestra would play—and there was, in the air, not a little of the feeling of the last night of a great operatic season. And indeed it was with something of that feeling about it that M. Cadol had chosen the programme. There must be selections from “Carmen” and “Faust” for those hearts whose simplicity was ever green; and “Le Cygne” perhaps, and the “Invitation to the Waltz” out of which he could get every ounce of sentiment. He would give them “the Blue Danube” Waltz, too (the Duponts would like that, it matched their fifty-year old love affair). And for the music lovers of discrimination there would be Beethoven, and something of Scarlatti, and one of the Russians, the “Symphonie Pathétique” of Tchaikowsky, or Rimsky Korsakoff’s “Czar Sultan”, and Ravel’s “Bolero”. But he must remember, too, those easy hearts that would want a fox trot

or the latest tango from Paris ; and he would play " A Waltz Dream ", or " The Merry Widow " for those whose years remembered with avidity the sunny lilt of Lehar. And perhaps last of all he would play the " Allegro Scherzando " of Saint-Saëns because—because of something that happened to him a long long time ago, here in Prémoney. Not, if you like, a very *recherché* programme, M. Cadol reflected—but on this last afternoon he must try and be all things to all men.

All the old habitués were there. At their usual table he could see M. and Mme. Blom. *Un sale type, ce Blom*, as Alphonse Cadol, and indeed all Prémoney knew. His, now, the loose lip and sliding eye of lust ; yet he had a certain air still. Cadol remembered him before he was dregged with dissipation, remembered the Pierre Blom of thirty years ago—a lad of promise—piecrust promise—with the same air of being a prince in disguise—ah well! thought Cadol as the band struck up the opening notes of Weber's " Invitation to the Waltz ", all women were incorrigible romantics ; and that *soupçon de mystère* had won him the costly security of being Mme. Blom's husband. Nothing else could explain so incongruous an acceptance on the part of the lady. Her hard eyes and bitter mouth were comment enough on their marriage. But she saw to it that he accompanied her everywhere—was it not her right ?

There are some kinds of music, and waltzes are amongst them, which have achieved a minor immortality in the affections of man. As the band broke into the opening bars of the waltz proper of the " Invitation ", Cadol knew without looking in their direction that the Duponts, husband and wife, were present. It was as if each phrase of the lilting melody were echoed by the placid happiness of their devotion. He presently looked towards them, and, as usual, found Marcel Dupont beating time with a podgy blackgloved hand, while Madame's beaming approval of her husband's following accuracy suggested that it was Marcel, and not Cadol, who was *Chef d'Orchestre*.

Beyond them are seated Eros and Psyche—but in this case it is a Psyche who knows. Jean Hébry and Rosalie Suchard are decorously accompanied by Rosalie's mother, full-bosomed, tight-laced, a lady who can see nothing with the best of her kind if needs be—*d'une discretion incroyable*—yet, as she

observes with the sententiousness of her type, one is but young once—still *les convenances* must be observed. Three tall glasses of sickly looking grenadine stand in front of them; and under the table's friendly shelter Rosalie's hand has met Jean's. "*Comme elle est bête*", reflects Mme. Suchard as her gossip's eyes fasten on the bickering Bloms, "how stupid she is to drag that man about with her. I never asked my Etienne any questions—I was told no lies. Besides all men do it". She looked at her Rosalie and the latter's Jean, and at the Duponts, whom all the world knew for faithful, and decided that it made less trouble to expect the worst anyhow.

The band was playing "I wonder where my Baby is to-night", with just that difference observable in provincial French bands playing American jazz. It lacked the verve of Paul Whiteman, and suggested rather the attitude of Auguste, the cornet player who was thinking "*Ceci n'est pas la musique pour encourager les âmes, mais pour embêter la foule*". M. Cadol's eyes swept the crowd—and were suddenly arrested by *les amoureux*. Jacques Bovart, the young fool, and the most obvious cocotte, with a sort of monkey-like prettiness and a metallic chic that made it possible more brazen "*cette affaire*". She was not Prémonçais reflected Cadol—none of the young sparks of Prémoncy would have dared to bring their "*garces*" to the Café Bouchartin—not at this hour anyhow. He looked at this Mimi again and decided that she was Parisian; probably exploiting the provinces he reflected, and his gorge rose. Her thin artificial-satin clad shoulders were jiggling to the tune. 'I wonder where my baby is to-night', played the band—"I wonder where she's gone"—Jacques' fingers were playing with the curls under her ear—"And how she's getting on"—"*il est bon gosse*" she reflected, and wished they could dance—"I wonder why my baby doesn't write" reiterated the band. They were totally oblivious to the fact that the eyes of the whole café were on them. Somehow the cheap syncopated air seemed to underline and overscore their radiant impropriety. Jean Hébray, forced, by *les convenances* of the suitor, to behave with a decorum he was far from feeling, was envying Jacques Bovart the liberties his invidious position allowed him. Mme. Blom was infuriatedly conscious of her husband's thoughts. M. Dupont, that so

faithful husband who had never wavered in his allegiance to his Louise all his impeccable life—and, what is more, had never wanted to—was now, under Heaven only knew what obscure psychological compulsion, recalling gallantries in his own faraway youth. Mme. Dupont, who knew perfectly well that the said affairs had never existed, gently reminded him that all that was before he met her ; thereby leaving him the flattering impression of being a retired Don Juan. Harry, whose moral background was largely Congregational, tinged with Y.M.C.A., was feeling shocked, but, not feeling sufficiently sure of himself to say so ; he tried not to see the frankness only dreamt of in the philosophy of Ilford ; but to Franz it was all grist to the intellectual mill, and he was ponderously (and Harry thought rather obscenely) explanatory on the subject. In a corner a young poet, watching Jacques and his Mimi, recalled idle lines from a time out-worn :—

“ Et ils passeront, tous passeront
Comme passe même le jour
Etre mémoire tiède ou doux
D'une heure.”

and smiled, alone with the “ hundred-sunned Phoenix ” of his thoughts. At another table a poor unhappy fool was busy drowning his ; glazed eyes indifferently expressing his indifference to the opinion of others, least of all to the horror of Mme. Blom whose face was a cash-register of her disapproval.

The band was playing *O cessate di piagarmi*, and happy in the clarity and grace of Scarlatti, Alphonse Cadol became conscious that his audience, like his orchestra, were at the end of his directing bow. The warm damascened quality of the aria was gathering them together, making a sweet unity in the alchemy of emotion. He was aware now of a gathering of personalities into a design, the glancing bow in his hand became a divining rod, quivering to the patterning of life about him, a pattern that held, and shifted, and held again the Englishry of Harry, the *temperamentvoll Drangsal* of Franz, the realism *de la vraie souche* of his fellows, the Bloms, the Duponts, the Jeans, Rosalies, Jacques, Mimis, the very waiters—all this he felt flowing together in the crucible of his command. And those about him at the little tables felt it too—talk dropped imperceptibly in key, guttered and went out, like candles dowsed

in a great draught from an opening door. The waiters, this last day, paid the compliment of a defter more silent service, to his artistry. The last lovely bars floated out over their heads, and the aria ended. There was a moment's satisfying silence, to be shattered by the applause of the cocotte, less a tribute to his genius so much as a frantic effort to restore her own shaken equilibrium. His lip curled; till he saw the truth in her frightened monkey's eyes.

The calls of "Encore" were incessant, and he decided what it would be, while some newcomers were giving their orders. Yes—he would play them his own "Roman de la Rose"; he could trust his orchestra, and the occasion fitted. Not, he reflected with the honesty of the true artist, a piece of the greatest music, but bone of his bone, flesh of his flesh, soul of his soul. And as the opening *allegriissimo* rippled out, full of the laughing movement of young foals in a meadow, he knew the spell was still on his audience—and he settled down unconsciously to the joy of enriching his *chef d'œuvre* from the sensitive to and fro of personality about him. For it was the last time—and he must give them something to remember, when he would be no longer there. The orchestra was playing the *adagio* movement now, a deeper current was flowing. And so, selecting a look here, an expression there, a haunting revelation of eyes off their guard, a fleeting smile of lips mobile with happiness, his regard swept out beyond them, out into the Grande Place embracing the Prefecture, the Mairie, the ages-old Halles, conscious of a renewal of life, conscious of a sense of immemorial types magnificent in their very commonplaceness, coming and going, here, under the serene, understanding gaze of the Mansart roof, of François Premier decoration, familiarly the same. And those about him opened blossom by blossom to the sun of this melody, that, in cadenza after cadenza, filled the whole world of that moment. Spell-bound, knit by his magic into one brilliant whole, yet wholly and so brilliantly themselves, each for the most part saw life pulsing with personal possibilities, something greatly to be dared—and therefore greatly to be done. To Harry came resolve, swift and instinctive as a swallow's flight, to win a shyly-dreamed-of scholarship at Oxford and, thereby, mount Pegasus-like to the great Helicon of English Literature. To

Franz, subconsciously sick with the sickness of his humiliated Fatherland, came passionate decision to see Germania Resurgens with—laugh who will!—if needs be, him, Franz Schmitt at the helm. Jean Hébry, aviator, saw the aeroplane of his dreams a *fait accompli* for France. Rosalie did not see the aeroplane—he had not told her of that—she saw only a home and children, his children and hers—a *sostenuto* in the great French Family tradition; Alphonse Cadol caught the look in her eyes as she glanced at her Jean. It was the look of a Madonna. Jacques, that harum-scarum painter, had forgotten his Mimi, he was busy with a brush; not a very scholarly brush—a little angry with tradition maybe, yet too honest not to know its worth; full, too, of strength, and Hogarthian contempt for his subject, yet withal a strange understanding love. Oh he would paint—he would make pigment speak. Like Goya he would jeer at mankind his whole life long—but they would know him at the last for the artist he knew himself to be. And they would love him, as—damn them!—he loved them. Mimi—that poor fleeting incident in Jacques' life—a sort of amoral grace-note—Cadol reflected, as the long slow bars of the third movement opened—Mimi too had seen that look in Rosalie's eyes; and all her tawdry little heart had cried out in vulgar derision, and then crept back into its own twilight, wounded by its own vulgarity, hating, with the longing of despair, the quiet uneventful happy certitude of a Rosalie's home as contrasted with the mocking faces of her patrons of a night.

To the Bloms, as to one other among the tables, the spell was full of a horrible might-have-been which they were, it would seem, incapable of mending. Playing, at moments, at them—as it were, trying to bring them a sense of unity—Cadol saw them as they saw themselves, a couple united in a bond composed of every warring element conceivable, yet holding intact their marriage from motives of pride, of self-torture, of despair—and yet—and yet not so far *poena damni* that they could not see the rainbow of repentance, and the gleam of hope beyond. But, to Cadol, in the pattern they were scars—yet, as in life scars so often are, part of the pattern in the end. Marcel and Louise Dupont were sitting hand in hand. Just like Jean and Rosalie had been; but were not now. Both Louise

and Marcel were softly crying, unheeding, listening as it were to a *Nunc Dimittis* of their own great love. The poor besotted drunk was frightened of the music, and strove to shut his heart and brain to its clamour with another *petite verre*. And the poet was far away on some sun and shadow marbled beach *où les mouettes criaient dans une extase vivante*.

On and on swept the music, mounting ever mounting, in a crescendo of delight, the whole frustrated passion of Alphonse Cadol's life pouring through every note, as through so many sluices. This was his supreme moment, his swan song, never again, he knew, would he play like this—he was glad now he was going—anything more was anti-climax—they would remember—this his name would pass—hallowed, crowned, in music. And then, as one who suddenly sees an abyss at his feet, he caught the look in the stranger's eyes. He was not (Cadol was certain) a Prémonçais. Some stranger from Beauvais he thought—moral flotsam, perhaps, for there was something unnameable about him—perhaps jetsam was where he belonged.

He was drinking a bock. The high thick glass curved slenderly upwards, as if eager to hold the foamy crown of froth on the cool amber liquid. He stared at its evanescent whiteness—it looked for all the world like clouds seen from above—the firmament in a tumbler—and St. Augustine couldn't get the sea into a shell—well, of course he couldn't. Yet here he had the firma—what a fool he was! And roused himself to look about him—sitting still, still and watchful. The music flowed over him unheeded, almost unheard. Gradually it rose, filling the horizon of his mind with long dancing shadows of questing movements, interrogation-marks of sheer sound. What did they want—those two old people in the corner there—crying—holding hands—it was absurd to cry—he'd never cried—even as a little boy—it had been his pride not to cry—or had he been too frightened—he'd always been frightened except when near fire—there was something so lovely, like a flower about fire—flowers such as never were in any garden, except Madelon's. Madelon—it was a long time since he had seen her—he wondered why—there was something in the way—was it the music? It couldn't be that—it was gaily pretty, it reminded him of—? He suddenly saw a face—a long-ago face looking at him—Raoul's

whom he had falsely accused—they had found it out afterwards and he'd been expelled from the Army—no it was from school he'd been expelled, not the Army, though they'd treated him badly there. Court-martial—imprisonment. They said he was a bad soldier. He, a bad soldier—it was impossible. They didn't understand. It was the weight of his Field Marshal's bâton had started it—that and Madelon's letter. She wouldn't marry him because—because what? Because he wasn't a stuffed dummy—because he was flesh and blood. They were all like that—dancing shadows—he hated them—they didn't understand—they thought they were alive—but they were dead—dead as Lisette. Lisette? Who was she. That wasn't Lisette looking at him—that was the Mother of God—gentle—tender—just such another as Madelon. What was the Madonna doing here—he must find out. Who was that man with her? What right had he—was there anyone else here?

He looked stealthily round. He must be careful—they mustn't notice him—that fellow over there—a Boche, obviously—by God it was the sniper who nearly got him at Riamont in '15—he was with an Englishman—he hated Englishmen, they'd turned him out of England, the damned hypocrites—he never knew who had informed against him—probably the very man—yes it was this man—he was in league with the Boche—and there was Lisette—but he'd left Lisette—dead. H'd killed her in the wood—the wood with the tall trees, the wood he had never been able to get out of all his life—but he was free now—and nobody knew except—except who? What was this noise all about him? Somebody knew—it was—it must be the shadows—the damned shadows—what was that air? tum-tum-tum-ti-tum—it was pretty—like—what was it like? If he sat very still he would know—something was slipping somewhere—it had been like that in the wood with Lisette—just before—Tum-tum-tum-ti-tum—it wasn't so nice now—it was laughing now—mocking laughter—what right had they to mock—who were these *canaille*—he would show them his field-marshal's baton—that would stop their laughter, the fools. Tum-te-tum Tum—would it never stop—it was making everybody laugh at him—where was his baton—Napoleon's baton—he fumbled in his pocket—that damned noise again—Tum Tum Tum Ti Tum—

they were all laughing now—the tables even—it was the notes—millions of notes—Tum Ti Tum—Tum Ti Tum—if he could only stop the notes—there would be peace in the world. That was it at last—music was the cause of it all—music—Tum Tum—the laughter—the phalanx of ringing notes—His baton—Tum Tum—he would use his bâton—that would stop it—He looked up—straight into the eyes of the conductor—and fired! . . .

M. le Chef d'Orchestre was dying. He lay propped up in the arms of Auguste, the cornet-player, on the floor. Somebody had sent for the ambulance—but he was fast slipping away. Around stood his orchestra, and the waiters, and M. Bouchartin. A little way off lingered Harry and Franz held by a passionate compulsion of unwillingness to desert one they felt—they knew not why—they loved. Nearer at hand was Rosalie, who, sensing the end, had sent a waiter hotfoot for Monsieur le Curé, Jean stood by her, his arm about her; and Jacques too—but Mimi and the Bloms, birds of a feather, had run in terror. Mme. Dupont knelt beside the dying man trying to staunch the blood with a napkin, Marcel in anxious support. Outside, Gendarmes had taken charge of the madman; he had made no effort to get away after firing the shot, but had collapsed in his chair, and just sat there staring stupidly at his overturned back.

Alphonse Cadol opened his eyes. It was good, he thought dreamily, to see his *chers types* about him. He was curiously content. His eyes met Auguste's, swimming with tears, "Do not grieve, *mon vieux*", he murmured gently, "It is the last day—" a sudden welling of blood choked him and he coughed—then, "life was over for me anyhow", he went on, "It is better thus. Paris!" he shook a suddenly weary head, "*Ah non! c'est une oubliette, ça—*" His eyes mistily traversed the fast fading faces and looked beyond to the sunlight and the gathered ages in the Grande Place, "You will none of you", he whispered, "forget me now"—and was gone.

OCTAVIA HILL : TWO PHASES

By W. THOMSON HILL.

OCTAVIA Hill's centenary coincided with that of John Morley's. (She was born on December 3, 1838, and died on August 13, 1912). With her emerges another phase of that many-sided nineteenth century whose ideals are now so out of fashion. No useful comparison can be made between two such different careers. Both built their lives on a belief in a settled order, a continued progress of which they had seen the sturdy beginnings, and an opportunity indefinitely widening for further advance. This opportunity came to John Morley chiefly through political reflection, writing and action. Octavia Hill saw it as a call to personal service. Neither could have apprehended an attack on civilized society itself, unless through elements in it which remained dangerous only as long as they were ignorant.

Octavia Hill's part in the progress of her century is chiefly remembered in connection with the housing of the poor, of which her first published account appeared in *THE FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW* of November, 1866, under the title "Cottage Property in London". Her pioneer work has lasted. Its very success has obscured her memory. She anticipated the problems of post-war housing. No student of housing conditions in any country can afford at the present day to be ignorant of her methods, which are being applied, under her name, not only here but in Holland, Sweden, Germany, South Africa and the United States. The problems she stated remain as relevant as when she worked and wrote. Her first eager acceptance of Ruskin's loan; her early experience with three terrible courts in Marylebone; the astonishing results of her methods of personal management, combining business efficiency with tact and sympathy; her courage in tackling roughs and slum landlords nearly as rough, the growth of her reputation until

she was able to persuade Parliament to pass the first Artisans' Dwellings Act and was given the management of a vast area of South London by the Ecclesiastical Commissioners—the story of all this makes as lively and stimulating reading as adventure farther afield.

But let me deal here rather with two aspects of her career of which little has been written ; the struggle for open spaces and the beginning of cadet corps and of physical training for poor boys.

* * * * *

Octavia Hill's interest in outdoor recreation dated from her first housing experiments. In looking round for her second court in Marylebone—the ironically named Paradise Place (it was a slum landlords' Paradise)—she insisted on getting a tiny plot of land and turning it into a playground and garden. It is believed that she was among the first to employ the phrase “open spaces”, and definitely, the name and idea of a London Green Belt was hers. Speaking to her sister Gertrude (afterwards Mrs. Lewes) just before an enforced holiday in 1878, she said, “I am confident my work in the houses will not suffer from my absence, but my open spaces will miss me ”*.

In 1873 she threw herself into her first public effort to acquire a large open space. The area was then known as Swiss Cottage Fields. At this time the limit of building north of Swiss Cottage Station was Belsize Lane. It was still a lane, with few houses ; beyond were fields crossed by footpaths where Octavia had taken children from Marylebone to gather daisies ; and beyond that open country. If these fields could be kept free from building, and other unoccupied land acquired, it would be possible to make a continuous belt of green joining up with the meadows (not yet threatened) beneath Parliament Hill Fields. Here was a place “which must be a blessing to hundreds now, and hundreds yet to come ”.

The aspiration was recorded in a letter of Octavia's on August 3, 1873. A fortnight later the scheme was dead. It collapsed at a moment when Octavia and her colleagues were ready to give a guarantee for the whole purchase money within a week. The site is now covered by Fitzjohn's Avenue and a network of suburban roads.

*Private information.

This initial failure stimulated her, as always. "Please God, if I live" she wrote on August 21, "I will see something efficient done, if power of mine, first or second-hand, can do it". As an immediate result she joined forces with the Commons Preservation Society, of which she remained one of the most active members to the end of her life. Far in the future the National Trust was born in the same resolve.

* * * * *

In the eighteen-sixties and seventies the whole of the existing London Commons were threatened, and some were beginning to disappear. New railways occupied the same position between 1840 and 1870 that arterial roads do now. It was taken for granted that since railways were synonymous with progress every obstacle must give way to them. If anyone will take a map of Greater London and note the railways intersecting such spaces as Wandsworth, Tooting and Barnes Commons, he will see the havoc that has been made. Epping Forest was threatened, as well as Hampstead Heath and the inner commons. Nothing but a determined and continued struggle could have saved them.

The aggression, which included wholesale building, was encouraged in London by the ambiguous state of the law of commons, and throughout the country by a long series of Enclosure Acts passed in the interest of agriculture. The assertion that the English commons represent the ancient folkland cannot be accepted without qualification. Yet the feudal claim of the lord of the manor, expressed at its highest in the Statute of Merton of 1235, still unrepealed, forbade an assertion of ownership complete and absolute in the sense applying to other forms of property. A method of procedure by Act of Parliament had therefore been adopted during the eighteenth and early nineteenth century. Enclosure Acts provided for the surrender of commoners' rights after local enquiry (usually an illusory protection). Common and woodland was enclosed after centuries of unimpeded use by the villagers; new farming land or coverts were created. It is reckoned that between 1709 and 1869, 4,770,890 acres of common or forest land were transferred under Enclosure Acts to private ownership.*

*Sir Robert Hunter: The movements for the inclosure and preservation of open lands, 1897.

Some compensation, however nominal, was given to the rural cottager by the Enclosure Commissioners. There was no intention of driving him off the land. But the inversion of the argument for the cottagers' protection had an ugly aspect. Could any such claim be made on behalf of the commoners of Greater London? Was it to be contended that the householders round Clapham Common wanted to keep cows or donkeys? Could wheat be made to grow on Turnham Green? It was urged, therefore, that the London Commons, useless for their original purpose, should be made to serve a useful modern need. They should be enclosed and developed as building sites.

The challenge in the end proved dangerous to those who made it. It was true that the use of unenclosed spaces in and near London had ceased for agricultural uses. They were the more needed for recreation. However obvious now, recognition of the fact was confined to the very few. Foremost among them was Octavia Hill.

A simultaneous attack was made by lords of the manor on all the London commons—exercising what they were advised were their legal rights under the Statute of Merton, and stimulated since the formation of the Commons Preservation Society and a Parliamentary enquiry by fears of legislation. A house was begun on Hampstead Heath. Three miles of fencing were erected on Berkhamstead Common. A thousand acres of Epping Forest were enclosed. At Plumstead and Tooting claims were advanced which would have extinguished public rights for ever. These and other attacks were successfully resisted by the Commons Preservation Society. Commoners' rights were established against encroachment; and thousands of acres, including the noble inheritance of Epping Forest, were restored to public use.*

Octavia Hill enlarged the idea of protecting threatened suburban commons into a comprehensive movement for open spaces in town and country. In 1877 she published three vigorous papers (with other essays) under the title "Our Common Land". These asserted, against a hostile or indifferent public opinion, the increasing need, in a changing England, not only for resisting urban encroachment but for extending

*For detailed story see Lord Eversley's "Commons, Forests and Footpaths," 1911.

opportunities for access to the country, preserving village greens and rural footpaths—all her advocacy informed by a passionate love of natural beauty and her belief that the same instinct stirred in her countrymen of every class. Her description of one of the first Bank Holidays may be read to-day as a plea for open-air popular amusement written in a day when the great public was uneducated, unknown and feared. It was widely supposed then that mass holidays made for mass drunkenness.

* * * * *

Larks were rising from rural commons. There were London sparrows, too, with a chirrup for a song. Octavia was moved by the human city sparrows. She could be cheerful and active, like them, amid the smoke and fog. She turned a gruesome topic into a topic for a drawing-room meeting, talked about disused graveyards, and set another reform in motion.

Could anything be more melancholy than a neglected London churchyard? A few mouldering tombs, their inscriptions moss-grown, their stones aslant, the names of their dead forgotten, remained of all those once raised to memories now buried indeed. An alien world surrounded them. Tall warehouses blocked them in. The dead were once parishioners of this place. They lived, worked, married and died within a little walk. If any man had stayed to spell out some dim memorial he might read a story as simple as that told by a village grave. But here were no new names. None was left to carry on the tale. Offices stood where homes had been. The Sunday congregation came from afar, or came not at all; and often the very church had gone.

Octavia Hill put forward a then daring suggestion. Could not the old graveyards, no longer needed for interments, be turned into playgrounds and public gardens full of flowers? She urged this reform in a paper read before the National Health Society in May, 1877. It is the first public advocacy of the subject known to the writer.

Between 1879 and 1894 the Open Spaces Committee of the Kyrle Society (founded in 1875 by Octavia's sister Miranda) devoted itself to the protection and improvement of disused churchyards, square gardens and other small spaces—an object then untouched by any other body—as well as the

acquisition of notable beauty spots such as Burnham Beeches. The list of drab corners of London turned in these years into green spots is a long one ; it contains such significant names as Cross Bones Burial Ground, Southwark, the site of Horsemonger Lane Gaol and " the Postmen's Park " Aldersgate. Octavia also employed this committee, whose headquarters were at her own home in Marylebone, as the mouthpiece of her wider ambitions. She worked hard as a member of the Kent and Surrey Committee of the Commons Preservation Society. Late in life she tramped many miles of footpath with her indefatigable friend Miss Harriet Yorke, tiring out far younger guests or commandeering them for tracking rights of way which occasionally led, to their dismay, past the windows of some large house. It required less courage to face the owner than to shirk her commands.

With the help of these and other organizations, often acting alone with the help of money she begged, Octavia Hill added to the national store of open fields, footpaths and open spaces. The names are far too numerous to quote—one is almost safe in assuming that she had some, or the leading part, in every important one, as well as in scores of little known parks or playgrounds round London secured during the later part of her life. One only can be mentioned, namely the extension of Hampstead Heath and the purchase of Parliament Hill and the Fields surrounding it. This struggle lasted for ten years ; the result seemed as often in jeopardy as European appeasement. But for this effort the Heath south of the Spaniards Road would have consisted only of a narrow strip running down the side of the Vale of Health to the Hampstead Ponds. Victorian villas had already crept near towards the side of Parliament Hill. This summit and all the fields surrounding it, up to Highgate Ponds, must soon have grown bricks and mortar too.

The National Trust is her final and lasting achievement. Three portraits hang in the council room of the Trust. That of Octavia Hill is in the centre ; on either side are those of Sir Robert Hunter and Canon Rawnsley. These three are the acknowledged and undoubted founders ; they co-operated in the foundation of the Trust ; the idea came to them separately.

An outline of the scheme adopted, and the actual name, were

discussed in an unpublished correspondence* between Octavia and Sir Robert Hunter in February 1885, ten years before the Trust came into being. Both had experienced the need of some permanent body to hold gifts of land and administer them in the public interest. Mr. Hunter, as he then was, advocated the formation of a company under the Joint Stock Companies' Acts in a paper read in September 1884, to the annual congress of the National Association for the Promotion of Social Science at Birmingham. These two had worked closely together in all the open space work, and again faced the old obstacle in a proposal for acquiring Sayes Court, Deptford. Mr. Hunter sent Octavia a copy of his circular about "the new Company". She at once demurred to the project of a company, and wrote (Feb. 10, 1885) : "A short expressive name is difficult to find . . . What do you think of 'The Commons and Gardens Trust'—and then printing in small letters 'for accepting, holding and purchasing open spaces for the people in town and country' ? . . ."

On the top of this letter Sir Robert Hunter has pencilled " ? ' National Trust '—R.H."

A group of wooded summits near Westerham and Sevenoaks, with sudden views across the Kentish Weald as lovely as any in Southern England, was among the early acquisitions of the Trust, by Octavia Hill's exertions ; and she lies buried at the foot of one of them, Mariner's Hill, the unimpeded view from which she lived to see finally secured. Memorials of her direct work for the National Trust exist in 16 English and Welsh counties—these were the acquisitions made during her lifetime—and beyond these in precious sites from the Farne Islands to Land's End, since given "for ever and for all".

* * * * *

On a May morning of 1889 Octavia Hill paid a visit to Lord Wolseley, then Commander-in-Chief, at the Ranger's Lodge at Blackheath lent him by Queen Victoria. Her brother-in-law, Major-General Sir Frederick Maurice, the military historian, accompanied her. The object was to enlist Lord Wolseley's interest on behalf of a cadet corps to be formed in connection with her social settlement at Red Cross Hall, Southwark, in a back street near London Bridge Station.

*Summarized here by permission of Miss Dorothy M. Hunter and Miss E. W. L. Hunter, whose copyright is reserved.

The result was an inaugural meeting at Red Cross Hall on May 30 at which Lord Wolseley presided and the successful launch of an experiment which has had consequences far beyond her day.

Although the Boer War was near, England had not begun to envisage war as an affair of the inhabitants at large. Very far from this, the Volunteer movement was struggling against public derision and official neglect. Nineteenth-century England was still dominated by ideas derived ultimately from 1815. Public opinion had not been affected by the rise of Prussia. There was an intense dislike of "militarism", and this included a sincere dislike of any form of military training outside the ranks of the professional army. Boy scouts were still in the future. Moreover, outdoor camps, and indeed healthy recreation for working boys of any kind, were unknown novelties.

Octavia Hill's impulse in the direction of cadet corps started from her personal knowledge of the lives of London working lads. She had seen them roaming the streets in the evenings without occupation or healthy outlet for animal spirits. Gymnasium classes had been started at Red Cross Hall. Something more was needed. Her interest was stimulated by an article written by Sir Frederick Maurice under the title "*The Zeitgeist* under Drill"* The article pointed to new facts brought out by recent wars. The Prussian armies which had swept across France were no longer the professional soldiers of Frederick the Great, They were drawn from every class and station. The new tactics, allowing for initiative and intelligence in every rank, were very different from the old parade-ground stuff. As a corporate body a modern army both expressed and stimulated the desire for national unity. It called for full development of mind and body, and developed a power of healthy intelligent work which it might not be easy to compete.

Military arguments appealed less to Octavia than those which set out the social value of discipline and organized exercise. She saw before most of her contemporaries the difference between a national army and that of a despotic sovereign—in that the discipline is self-imposed—and between a blind obedience and

*Reprinted by the present Major-General Sir Frederick Maurice in his biography of his father, 1913.

one that is joyful and intelligent.

* * * * *

Cadet corps were not wholly new. One had been established by the London Rifle Brigade in 1859 ; and it flourished (but apparently in isolation) for several years. The idea to which Octavia Hill first gave vigorous life came from Toynbee Hall, where Francis Fletcher Vane originated the plan of a cadet company. Its command soon fell on H. W. Nevinson—"in the hope (as he has written in "Changes and Chances") of ensuring some small measure of benefit to the enfeebled and undersized youth of Shadwell. In 1888 a boys' club was established in two rooms over a forge in Red Cross Street, Southwark, by Mr. W. Ingham Brooke, who had been a Toynbee Hall worker. He was so impressed by the results of the East End cadet corps that he decided to form one as part of his Southwark Club. He enlisted the help of Octavia Hill.

She was not apt to lend her name to anything she did not thoroughly approve, nor to anything that she was unable to supervise personally. The article to which reference has been made indicates the process of her conversion.* Her active interest began with the organization of the meeting under Lord Wolseley's chairmanship and lasted till the end of her life. Her last letter in a long correspondence with Lt.-Col. L. W. Bennett, honorary treasurer of the battalion and its commander from 1919 to 1926, is dated June 2, 1912, two months before her death, and discusses in detail the draft report of the year.

Four companies were soon recruited, and in October, 1890, the Southwark corps was recognized officially as the 1st Cadet Battalion of the Royal West Surrey Regiment, with precedence over every other cadet unit in the Army. This precedence has been recognized up to the present day. The battalion remained for some time the focus and headquarters of the cadet movement in London. Other corps were gradually formed under its example and units established near the lads' own homes.

Of equal importance was Octavia Hill's decision, early in the movement, to bring in the public schools. Some big schools were already supporting missions in poor districts when at the end

*Quoted by permission of Sir Frederick Maurice, who directed the writer's attention to it as the source of her inspiration.

of 1890 Octavia enlarged the idea out of which the O.T.C.'s were to spring. The first school to help was Stonehouse. Eton, Haileybury and Harrow came early to the help of cadet companies in Hackney, Stepney and North Kensington, Oxford House to one in Bethnal Green. Haileybury keeps up its connection with the battalion to the present day by supporting Stepney club and company; Sherborne and Westminster support Southwark and Battersea.

The corps had a good record in South Africa (recorded by a tablet in Southwark Cathedral) but difficulties came with peace. The War Office was alternatively helpful and indifferent. "Do they really want to kill the movement?" Octavia wrote to Col. Bennett in the summer of 1910; "I wonder what happens to your August camps". It was left to a woman to fight for the existence of an organization to which the War Office was to turn for help on another summer day four years ahead.

When that day came, and its fellows, the public school (O.T.C.) side of the cadet movement supplied officers, and the working boy cadets N.C.O.'s and Privates—eagerly sought after to train Kitchener's Army recruits. The Southwark battalion sent into active service over 70 of its officers, of whom up to 1917 nine had been killed, reported missing or died of wounds—no complete list of the services and casualties of all ranks, nor of the decorations earned up to 1918, has been kept.

Octavia Hill had passed on two years before the call to arms.

EBB AND FLOW

By STEPHEN GWYNN

MR. CHAMBERLAIN is good at taking decisions and acting upon them : that is something to be thankful for, in a world not abounding in matter for thanksgiving. Rightly or wrongly, he decided against an attempt to introduce

An the compulsory obligation to military service in
Experiment peace time, which would have involved recasting
in Freedom the Government so as to make it truly national.

As a consequence of that decision, he has endeavoured to give the people in Europe which is least organized for military purposes such rudiments of organization as were possible without invoking the power to compel ; and a skilled administrator has rapidly produced a scheme. Everybody is told what they can do in an emergency, and everybody is asked to declare a willingness to do it. But everybody is free not to declare. Let us be quite clear what that freedom means. It means that you decide to preserve the privilege of the shirker. Also, no doubt, to respect the conscience of the conscientious objector ; but that is a small matter, though not unimportant ; if smallpox became a serious menace to the community, there would be short shrift for conscientious objectors to vaccination. But we are not without experience ; we know that the privilege of the crank will be claimed by only a few ; the privilege of the shirker will be utilized by hundreds of thousands—not a few of them disguising their quality as cranks.

This matters the less because it appears to be agreed on all hands that if war comes compulsion will be introduced at once ; and Sir John Anderson's experiment is welcomed, in so far as it is welcomed, because there is hope that it may provide an immediate framework for the application of universal service under discipline. It may, in short, do to be going on with. But if Mr. Chamberlain's pledge, which binds the party in power

for the duration of the present parliament, were to be given a further extension, then I think that the cause of democracy would be lost, so far as the Tory party could lose it ; and that it could only be saved if those who were against the privilege of the shirker came boldly out with a declaration for that degree of compulsion which is essential to preserve democratic liberty. What is done universally in France and in Switzerland is not done because the French or the Swiss like it ; it is done to preserve their freedom ; and they respect themselves for doing it. Hitherto, the English have respected themselves for leaving it undone.

Frankly, in 1914 I was of the opinion that a nation which could defend itself on the voluntary principle had reason to be proud ; and nothing in a long life has impressed me so profoundly as the voluntary response of Great Britain. In Ireland, where I belonged, there were special difficulties and complications, but I was proud to do my utmost in inducing men to volunteer. Four years of experience in Ireland and in England, in Parliament and in the trenches, left me with one fixed determination, that I would never again for any consideration take part in a volunteer recruiting movement. All the fineness, all the heroism were outweighed by the wastefulness, the absurdities, the indecencies and the incompetence of it all. In France there was as much fineness and as much heroism, though every man there, soldier or civilian, was acting under orders as a matter of course. Democracy meant discipline ; it meant equality, comradeship ; it also meant fraternity. Everybody in France at one period in his life has been equal before the sergeant-major, and in the course of that equality, comradeships have been formed that cut across all the barriers of class distinction. In the last resort it comes back to the question of equality and of the sergeant-major. People in these islands—in Ireland just as much as in Great Britain—have in their bones a feeling that the man who comes under orders loses personal dignity. Yet the French have not this sensibility—though, unless French novelists give us misleading human documents, the sergeant-major in France is no more invariably polite than his opposite number in the British army. It does a man no harm to be shouted at, even

to be shouted at impolitely ; but so long as the individual citizen is left to choose for himself, a great many will say, ' I do not choose to accept a position in which other men will have the right to shout at me in a voice of authority '. But once everybody is in the same boat, once the citizen is clear about his obligation as a citizen, there is an end of fuss ; and as it seems to me, the community has a better right to respect itself. During the crisis of last September, a friend of mine who is on the reserve of officers was in France and came straight home. In France he saw everybody serious, but no fuss ; everybody was under orders and knew what to do. In England, he found everybody running about and asking, ' What am I to do ? ' Whether there was panic or not (opinions vary on this) a community in such a state stands perilously near to panic. Evacuation did not have to be carried out, but it had to be projected. That must mean, for London, shifting out about two millions of non-combatants and distributing them over an area occupied by about four millions. Could this be carried out with any hope of efficiency unless everyone in the entire community was under orders ? Unless every man could be mobilized as a soldier with the duty to accept orders, carry out orders and transmit orders. Everybody who was in the trenches knew what it was to be shot at by an unseen enemy whom you could not reach ; that was nine-tenths of the job, and not pleasant, but men stood up to it with surprisingly little nerve strain because of the supporting fabric, the armature of a common discipline. If another war comes to England, the whole community will have sometimes to face what the men in trenches faced daily, and the ordeal will be incredibly lessened if all are doing what they are told to do. They need and are entitled to the support of discipline.

It is amazing that a man of Sir Edward Grigg's experience should talk of reluctance to abandon " our tradition ".

**Democracy's
Dangers**

Behaviour that was traditional while the Channel was unpassable for enemies becomes imbecile when the rampart can be crossed from the sky. As things are, it looks black enough for democracy. In France where the organization for defence is carried to the last limit compatible with democratic freedom, the trade unions have

set up their claim against the interests of the nation, and have been overborne by the military organization—as was right : but the employers also seem to have pressed the claims of their own separate interest far beyond what the interest of the nation demanded. Yet one thing is sure. Any challenge to the soil of France would bring the nation together, ready as a fighting unit. In England there is nothing but a diversity of views. The Government, admitting that a compulsory register would be necessary in time of war as the basis for universal compulsory service, refuse to make the framework ready in time of peace. The Labour party, so far as one can understand, declare that they are ready to resist compulsion so long as private property in industrial enterprises is allowed to exist ; and they claim the right to say that trade unions shall limit employment in necessary munitions work to accepted members of the unions—which means in practice that the unions, not the State, shall decide the rate of output. Certainly Lord Baldwin was well justified when he said that democracy was a difficult form of government to work : and the deadly danger is that difficulties in its working may delay the speed of rearmament till the dictatorships have got so far ahead with their preparation that they can order the democracies to cease their attempt to get level. Yet, as things are, France is further on the road to defend freedom ; and England will lag behind inevitably, so long as England refuses to accept the democratic principle of equal compulsion for all citizens to take their part in defence.

Meanwhile the combined manœuvres of those Powers which regard democracy with contempt and aversion have been significant. Herr von Ribbentrop has come to Paris, carrying a promise of peace. The visit was timed, to put it moderately, without any careful regard for the convenience of those to whom it was paid ; for there was a considerable chance of some ill-advised demonstration which might be regarded in England as disloyal to Mr. Chamberlain's policy. However, though the French authorities must have been very glad to speed their parting guest, the French democracy showed its educated intelligence, and will attach the appropriate value to Germany's assurances.

But at the same time Italy by various methods is setting up a

claim against France for the cession of various territories. If the claims were admitted, a strong precedent would have been established in accordance with which Alsace and Lorraine should go back to Germany. Naturally, the French refuse to consider these demands, whether they be unofficial, as they are to-day, or official, as they would become if the least support for them were shown by England. Chance of such support may seem unlikely, but what happened in Czechoslovakia last September seemed just as unlikely last May.

Munich may be seen by the future historian a turning-point for good in European affairs, but at this moment one thing is clear; Munich has greatly extended the area of Jew-baiting. In Prague "non-Aryan" professors are being invited to retire "on holiday"—with promise of full pay; the lesson has been only half learnt in what was Masaryk's country, but progress in it will be rapid. British opinion is resolute against handing over the control of Africans to German authority; and Mr. MacDonald has declared the idea to be outside practical politics. One may hope that British opinion will be equally firm against the cession to Germany or Italy of any territory where Jews have found a refuge. Already it seems that Italy's imitation of German methods—half-hearted and faltering though it be—has caused many "non-Aryan" Italians in Tunisia to take out French citizenship; and so the percentage of officially Italian persons in that colony is lessening in proportion to the French.

The other Italian demands, for a share in control of the Suez canal and for ownership of the rail from Djibouti are in a different category. Since the Abyssinian empire of Italy is now recognized, it seems hard that other Powers should hold the keys of access to it; and these are facilities of high commercial value, which Italy might well be allowed to purchase at a suitable price. That, however, is not what she proposes. She demands from the democracies a "spirit of sacrifice". The Latin genius, proud of its realism, should understand that conveniences have to be paid for. But before any steps were taken to consult Italy's convenience, it should be a condition that Italy withdraw her troops and her equipment from Spain. If they form so inconsiderable a part of the Nationalist forces as some observers have represented, General Franco will hardly

miss them ; and democratic sentiment will be relieved—which is important ; for dictators cannot be allowed a monopoly of “ ideology ”.

* * * * *

Mr. John Rothenstein in his “ Life and Death of Conder ” gives a study of a typical figure in the group among which Oscar Wilde and Aubrey Beardsley were the outstanding personages. Curiously enough the same period saw Kipling’s greatest activity and influence. Conder was an odd product to have come from one of those oversea dominions which Kipling so loudly celebrated—mothers of “ men who could shoot and could ride ”—neither of which accomplishments Conder would seem to have possessed. Australian-bred he was, though by actual birth a Londoner, but first and last a townsman : and when he came “ home ” to Europe, Paris was his natural abode. All that is best in his work is of French inspiration, and the countryside of his special affection was about the Seine, from Vétheuil to Monet’s Giverny. The group in which he lived was one of biting wits, but there was nothing incisive in Conder’s talent ; everything that came from him was steeped in a charming langour, full of sensuous attraction. He wore himself out quickly, in the usual ways, but since he worked incessantly, he has left a full representation of his delicate effeminate fancy. The new Director of the Tate Gallery does not write so well as his distinguished father, who was one of Conder’s closest intimates ; but he has had access to his father’s records and memories, and pronounces judicially, as a modern, on a way of art almost incredibly unlike the modern vision with its insistence on stark bone.

Another modern is Mr. Louis MacNeice—poet and journalist ; and he offers us for this Christmas a thing for which I have a weakness—a poet’s prose. But this is the prose of a modern poet, whose verse is extremely unlike Musset’s for instance ; but the prose bears the same relation to poetry as Musset’s does to the famous “ *Nuits* ”. The book calls itself “ Zoo ” ; not only the Regent’s Park comes into it, but Dublin and Clifton and (at great length) Paris are passed in review. Being a journalist, Mr. MacNeice knows that readers like odd scraps of information, and he gives them : how many tons of hay the

elephants in Regent's Park consume, how many thousand herring and whiting go to feed the sea lions, and a deal more of the same sort, with personal gossipy paragraphs about the tastes and habits of the various animals. But being a poet, he writes first to amuse himself—to express his own sensations and ideas : for instance—

“ Many people take to animals to escape from human beings ; but often, it turns out, because they find the animals so human. Others, of whom I am one, find animals a delightful change just because they are not human and never can be. They are extraordinary and beautiful phenomena—things which move about on legs (in many cases at least) as we do, but which are for ever essentially different from us. . . .

When we talk about them, of course, we often have to speak *as if* they were human because the words with which we must describe them are tainted with humanity. Many of their actions are superficially so like ours that we can only describe them in terms of our own actions. The first great thing that we obviously have in common with animals is the impulse to go on living. But it is quite a different thing for a creature with Reason to want to live from what it is for a creature without it. That is why human beings can commit suicide and animals can't ”.

I hasten to add that this passage, with its hint of metaphysics, is most incompletely representative of a book which contains reflections on Home Rule, architecture, cricket at Lords, the teaching of Greek and a dozen other matters, as well as what is naturally suggested by the title. Mr. MacNeice's comment on the animals is helped out by Miss Nancy Sharp's drawings, some of which are admirably expressive. The book gives one the pleasant feeling that writing it was great fun.

THE FORTNIGHTLY LIBRARY

THE COLONIAL EMPIRE

By GEORGE CATLIN

AFRICAN SURVEY, by Lord Hailey
Oxford University Press. 21s.

The British neglect of the Colonial Empire is an abomination that smells to heaven. Much of this empire is a dictatorship, of which the dictator is the British electorate. That electorate is so notoriously indifferent that it is a source of worry to his friends when a member of Parliament devotes much attention to colonial issues. He will lose his seat. Already the day of reckoning is coming. Not only is Germany demanding the return of her colonies, but responsible voices in America are suggesting that the handing over of the East Indies would be better for all concerned.

The guilt lies with the British voter, the irresponsible democratic sovereign, and with the British administrator. Lord Hailey's *African Survey*, itself the work of a distinguished administrator, is a monument recording opportunities for or not yet utilized. It is the most extensive study by far since Dr. Raymond F. M. Supported by the African Research Committee, under Lord Hailey, Lord Hailey has done a work which he here surveys in a book of only 2,000 pages—a work which shows the problems of all Africa south of the Sahara, British, French, Belgian and Portuguese, problems physical, economic, ethnologic and governmental. A layer of problems presupposes that is conditioned by one more fundamental until we reach the soil itself, such issues as those of soil-erosion.

If this great primitive continent is to be developed without wastage, and without more than the misery of the European industrial revolution, there must be a planned co-ordination between the physical development and the economic, and between the economic and the governmental. In the Sudan, as in Fiji, in the Katanga, and in some abortive projects in S. Africa, such co-ordination has been attempted. For the rest, it has been too conspicuous by its absence—and this, as touching production and marketing, more so in the British colonies than in the French. The lack has been due, in part, to want of finances, in part, to want of ideas. Lord Hailey's book is a massive plea for this co-ordinated development.

‘The task of guiding the social and material development of Africa gives rise to problems which cannot be solved by the application of routine knowledge . . . This study must be pursued in the field of the social as well as in that of the physical sciences. But for this purpose assistance is required from the Imperial Government’.

The policy of material development combined with promoting health organization, this is recognized—by the Belgians. The issue of local government for the de-tribalized native: “it is a problem which so far has engaged more attention in the Union and the Belgian Congo than in the British colonies”. The necessity for stimulating the cultivation of subsistence crops—“the Belgian government may

be said to have taken the lead in the study of questions of this type". There is the need for scientific research—in which the Germans did excellent work. "The British Government has hitherto given *less* support to institutions devoted to the study of African languages than, for instance, has the German Government". Rhodes is dead, very dead.

The issue of destiny in the world today is between Fascism, Communism and some Middle Way. The chief asset of Marxist Communism is the working example of Soviet Russia. The credit of Russia lies neither in her political executions nor in her pitiful begging children, but in the opening up and industrialization of the great Siberian Middle East. To that there is no parallel save in the opening up of the Middle West which "made" America. The rapidity of that development has been due to plan. Plansters in Britain usually forget the legitimate interests of the small man and his liberties. In a primitive continent, in transition in the inevitable process of opening-up, public plan may be the best possible protection of the native from private exploitation. There is one sole area in the world where, by co-ordination of scientific and geologic research, of transport, of mining and crops, of sanitation, of population movements, a result more startling may be attained even than in Soviet Russia, a result that can put Germany and Italy, avid for colonies, in the shade. That area—this imperial cloak of cloth-of-gold about us—is the British Colonial Empire, a section of a Commonwealth that controls a quarter of the world. Mr. Neville Chamberlain might reflect that this is opportunity—including opportunity for our own unemployed engineers and steel industry—beyond the dreams of Joseph. Lord Hailey, as an administrator, should know well that by preference we are a nation that chooses to do nothing—a nation that, if God is just, deserves to lose. Perhaps Lord Hailey will succeed in dynamiting this nation into action.

KARL MARX, by C. J. S. Sprigge. Duckworth "Great Lives" Series. 2s.

Mr. Sprigge has performed something of a *tour de force* in compressing within the narrow limits of this excellent series the detailed and complicated story of Marx's life, his sufferings, his achievements, his one friendship and his innumerable hates. Externally, the first half of his career was adventurous and sometimes almost romantic. The second half, after his arrival in England, was dull, sometimes sordid, but never exciting. The biographer is therefore tempted to give the lion's share of space to the earlier years; and the later part of his life, which was far more important and richer in achievement, receives more summary treatment. In particular, one would have welcomed a fuller presentation of his rôle in the history of the First International—his most effective practical contribution to the cause of the proletariat.

Probably the most interesting personal factor in Marx's life, as well as the most fully documented, is his friendship with Engels. Mr. Sprigge sums up this curiously one-sided, yet well-balanced, relationship as well as anyone has done. "Marx had no doubt whatever but that men's superiority conferred on him the title of leadership; Engels was drawn not so much to leadership as to pioneering. Marx would suffer nobody above him. Engels, nobody in front of him". But Engels, though he had the ambitions and tastes of a pioneer, was not an original thinker so much as a systematizer. He did his pioneering with other men's ideas; and this was the real secret of his perfect harmony with Marx. Engels was also a glutton for work. Mr. Sprigge is probably wrong in thinking that Engels' willingness to write articles at £2 a time for the *New York Tribune* (they appeared often with Marx's signature) is a sign that Engels was too hard pressed for money. It was the sort of job that Engels did for the sheer love of it. He had none

Marx's impatience of harness and routine.

Another episode of great psychological interest in Marx's career was his relationship to Lassalle, the most brilliant and most active figure in the German workers' movement of his time. The clash between Marx and Lassalle was both temperamental and political. It was the clash between the student and the rhetorician; between the matter-of-fact realist and the flamboyant idealist; between the respectable "assimilated" Jew of the Rhineland and the pushing, ostentatious Jew from Breslau, only one step removed from some East European ghetto; between the first international socialist and the first German national socialist. Sprigge, who scarcely does justice to Lassalle's lasting importance, has not been able enough to develop this antagonism as it deserves; for it is important both to the biographer of Marx and for the historian of nineteenth century socialism. It is arguable that the tradition which prevailed in German social democracy was, in the long run, the tradition of Lassalle rather than of Marx. The clash between Marx and Bakunin is also passed over without much examination of what lay behind it.

It is hardly fair to blame Mr. Sprigge for these omissions; for if the purpose of the series is to accumulate within the space available the maximum amount of information about the lives of the heroes selected for inclusion in it is difficult to see how the job could have been better done. One can only question whether this is, after all, the best way to approach the life of one whose chief importance and influence are the products not of his actions, but of his thought. And even within these limits, there seems to be some disproportion of treatment. Four or five pages are devoted to a summary of the *Communist Manifesto*. But no such summary is attempted of Marx's other writings; nor is there any estimation of his work as a whole.

E. H. CARR.

WILD COUNTRY, by F. Fraser Darling.
Cambridge University Press. 10s. 6d.

WILD ANIMALS IN BRITAIN, by Frances Pitt. *Batsford.* 8s. 6d.

OLD ENGLISH CUSTOMS AND CEREMONIES, by F. J. Drake-Carnell. *Batsford.* 7s. 6d.

It was typical of Dr. Darling, who in his capacity as a field biologist has been responsible for some provocative research on bird and animal behaviour, to confess in his Preface that although he has had to use a hide for much of his serious camera work "the best and sunniest months of the year are no time to be cooped up in a stuffy little wigwam: one should be out in the sun". For Dr. Darling is a sentient man as well as a precise scientist, and his present book is as much the play of the one as it is the work of the other. He calls it a scrap-book; and certainly it is the fruit of moments of relaxation with a camera; but such a scrap-book, personal, illuminating, delightful, may well teach the amateur more than many a high-falutin text-book.

The trouble with the modern naturalist's reaction to the sentimentality of some of his predecessors is that it has caused him to become merely factual, a bloodless compiler of data. But observation without interpretation is a barren enjoyment in the end. Dr. Darling hints at his own attitude when he writes: "People will care more for animals if they understand them better; and I believe that stalking with a camera has immense possibilities for the increase of a humane outlook". His own book may well be cited as an instance.

Unlike most scrap-books, "Wild Country" has a theme, and its theme is the wild life and natural beauty of Dr. Darling's lonely island in the North-West Highlands. Eilean a' Chleirich lives in these easy notes, these speaking photographs; and whether they are of the common sandpiper, whose return heralds the reluctant approach of spring, or of the bog cotton, from which the old country

people used to make their mattresses, the Manx shearwater, which would amuse itself by tobogganing down the slopes of Dr. Darling's tent, or of Old Tawny, the scarred and regal bull seal that has haunted the outer waters for many years, all are informed with the author's own humane outlook.

Inevitably, such a writer has something pertinent to say about killing for fun. "If we realize that, as human beings capable of thought and reason, we have no moral excuse for killing for fun, we may learn to have a respect for life itself, to protect and control where such action is necessary, and to give animals their place ungrudgingly in the economy of nature". And lest this be brushed aside as soft-heartedness and muddle-headedness, let it be added at once that Dr. Darling admits the justifiability of deer-stalking (whilst at the same time wishing that "the animal could have been maintained wild with less cruelty to the human population of the glens of those days") and, further, puts in a strong plea for the use in shooting of the telescopic sight.

Miss Pitt, on the other hand, is apparently a keen follower of the Hunt. This is perhaps the more surprising when her extraordinary deftness in the taming of wild animals is remembered. There seems to be hardly a major animal mentioned in this embracing and well illustrated book that has not at some time been singled out for domestic appreciation. Such a close view of animal life, it would be thought, must inevitably lead to the cultivation of that "humane outlook" applauded by Dr. Darling; and one cannot help wondering what precisely Miss Pitt's reactions must be as she comes in at the kill or watches the primitive "bleeding" of the novitiate.

All of which is not meant to suggest *Wild Animals in Britain* does not fulfil its intention "to provide the naturalist with a reliable guide to the identification of the beasts he may come across during his country rambles". Presumably the "naturalist" here referred to is the amateur, since

necessarily such a book cannot do more than cover the barest facts. These facts, however, have been attractively presented, in a manner refreshingly remote from the usual academic approach. The illustrations too, really do illuminate (though not so brilliantly as Dr. Darling's) and help to make this book a useful addition to the inadequate literature on the mammals of the British Isles.

The "bleeding" ceremony, mentioned above, finds no place in Mr. Drake-Carnell's admirable survey of old English ceremonies and traditions, but here again space could hardly allow room for all the instances with which the island teems. One omission there is, however, that is rather surprising. The inspiring customs that are accompanied, and in some places particularly in East Anglia, still accompany corn harvest have dwindled to a casual reference to the Harvest Thanksgiving. Straw necks and dollies; horkey; rick ornaments; gleaning bells—these are among the most interesting of all our country rites and ceremonies and should surely have been included in such a book. No doubt that Mr. Drake-Carnell concentrates on the countryside: three chapters have to suffice to cover this aspect, the remaining chapters being devoted to Royal and Parliamentary ceremonies, ceremonies of the Law, the City of London, and the Army, Ecclesiastical ceremonies and "curious tenure". It will be seen at once that the field is immense, and it says much for Mr. Drake-Carnell's conciseness that he has covered the ground so adequately. The thorny question of origins is not avoided and the illustrations have been particularly well chosen.

C. HENRY WARREN

THE UNIVERSAL PROVIDER, by
Richard S. Lambert. Harrap.
10s. 6d.

It would be difficult to imagine more interesting or entertaining subject for biography than the life of William Whiteley, and Mr. Lambert can feel

ll satisfied with the result of hisdertaking. Concentrating, in thein, on the various episodes whicharked the milestones of a long andry colourful career, Mr. Lambert,vertheless, finds time to paint in theckground of working conditionsroughout the nineteenth century ine big and little shops of London.ng hours, oppressive regulationsounting almost to slavery make theture a grim one, and althoughniteley was usually up with theders in making improvements, heuld claim no honour as a pioneer,ile the vastness of his enterpriseought staff problems of unusualgnitude. Whiteley, who sometimesinto trouble from his readiness toas arbiter in domestic disputes, wasatriarch ruling his family of assis-ts, and not a few of his customers,th a rod of iron and a bland smileich did not conceal his intensebition.

Born in 1831, Whiteley wasrenticed to a firm of drapers inkefield. He visited the Greathibition in 1851 and conceived hisn of building a vast emporium toply everything from a pin to anphant. He was sufficiently a childhis age to add to his businessnowledge and acumen the moralorism of "add your conscienceyour capital", but a better mottoas "ladies, it shall be done". Heed Westbourne Grove fromkruptcy Avenue, in 1863, into onehe wealthiest parts of London inyears. He gave the impression thatwas willing and able to buy up ander-sell all competitors, But theility of the Paddington Vestry and fellow shop-keepers did not lastever, since, in the long run, he wasmeans of introducing good businesso what had been a bad and povertycken district. Whiteley, however, concerned only with the furtherancehis own concerns, and dressing hisp windows—in more ways than one. Yet Whiteley must be admired forbusiness sense and courage. He was

frightened of no man—nor of the *Bayswater Chronicle*—and he stood up to five big fires with amazing fortitude. At the age of 75 he was still active and still controlling in large part the company which managed Whiteley's. But in his own stores in January, 1907, he was murdered by Horace Rayner, who claimed to be Whiteley's illegitimate son.

JOHN ARMITAGE.

GERMANY AND A LIGHTNING WAR, by Fritz Sternberg. *Faber. 12s. 6d.*

This is an important book, considering the times in which we live, and it is well that the English reading public should have access to it in translation, for the subject matter with which it deals lies very near home. Briefly, it is a close and studious examination of present day Germany's war potential as compared with those both of her probable enemies and likely friends, and in this consideration it deals with the alternative possibilities of a world war from the outset of hostilities or of a war which, originally confined to Europe, shall eventually embroil mankind. Dr. Sternberg is amply protected against a charge of loose thinking or speech at hazard, for the conclusions which he comes to, and the arguments throughout, are based entirely on quotations from a German source, comprising articles from a censored Press, from military publications, as well as the inspired utterances of various well-known men who are interpreting the Nazi policy. The book makes clear the vital need of Germany for a quick decision in the war which looms ahead, showing that neither her military nor her economic machine is calculated to withstand the strain of protracted operations, and that in her preparation processes, which now consume her energy, she is so devising them. In the author's opinion, however, nothing is less likely than that a lightning stroke would give her victory, whatever the forces in alliance ranged on her side or arrayed against her. In Soviet Russia, for instance,

which has otherwise made enormous industrial strides since Czarist days and is now well organized for military production, Germany would encounter a geographic punching-ball and waste the precision of her carefully contrived mechanism for war on a vast territorial expanse with no particular vulnerability about it. In the west, on the other hand, she would come up against a re-armed France able, as well as she, to wage warfare in accordance with the most modern technique and quite powerful enough, on that account, to resist effectually a military walk-over. A strong point is made of the fact that compulsory military service was not re-introduced in Germany until 1935, and that, in consequence, the classes of the years 1901-1913 have not as yet been called up and have received no training. Something under 2,000,000 men of military age are thus involved, and, although this gap can be narrowed by intensive effort during the next few years, it cannot be filled in altogether. Germany, it appears, will forever have 20 per cent. of her food requirement short of self-sufficiency, and always a woeful lack of oil and ore. Moreover, owing to her scheme of preparation she will enter on a war at very nearly a peak point of production and with little prospect of increase, for war's effort must cause it gradually to decline. Her potential enemies, on the other hand, the democratic States, being predominantly on peace-time bases of production, will have room to turn about in and quickly develop their industrial activities. But it will be on her home front, the author thinks, that Germany may be weakest, for he makes the reader aware of much repressed and hidden opposition to National Socialism in the country. This will find a ready outlet when Germany goes to war, for all her manpower will have to be impressed, and large elements of it, permeating the military and labour ranks, will then be able to voice their disaffection and wonder what they are fighting for. To combat this a reign of terror will ensue, and with regard to such a policy of

harsh restraint the author is convincing that the army will disagree. The book brings comfort to those who are afraid to be mesmerized by Germany's display of power, for it prophesies that when her first blows are spent without avail she will crumble as she did before.

L. E. O. CHARLTON.

LETTERS OF THE PRINCE CONSORT

Selected and edited by Dr. K. Jägow and translated by E. T. Dugdale. *John Murray.* 18s.

VICTORIA AND ALBERT, by Hector Bolitho. *Cobden-Sanderson.* 12s. 6d.

"When all is considered", writes Dr. Jägow in his Preface, "it is an essence due to the merits of the German prince . . . that to-day the British monarchy is able to command the power, prestige, and internal strength required by the British Empire to hold together its self-governing members and to take rank as a World Power. That an editor of his letters should pitch the claims of the Prince Consort rather high is quite natural, and does nothing to detract from the opportunity which consideration of these two volumes offers, of re-assessing Albert's character and his influence on public affairs. Queen Victoria, we know, was at her worst when questions of general principle cut across her personal preferences. And in learning to distinguish between Melbourne and Peel in their capacities as more or less agreeable personal advisers and in their capacities as leaders of great political parties with the right, in certain circumstances, to form governments, she was greatly influenced by her husband, who was at his best on such occasions. It is going too far to assume that without Albert she would never have learnt this lesson, and therefore that he saved the Monarchy; and his different relationships with Disraeli, Gladstone and Salisbury after his death show that Victoria never altogether understood the implications of constitutional monarchy and cabinet government.

Perhaps the most interesting feature Mr. Bolitho's book is the way in which he makes and develops the point that Albert, while he undoubtedly loved Victoria of her early priggishness and made her very happy, also curbed her spontaneity. In so far as the two achieved a true harmony it was due to her subordination to his views, and the tragedy, which it is possible to read between the lines of his letters, is that never found in her the intellectual companionship for which he craved. The Prince was above all an intellectual, and, as Dr. Jägow suggests, it was probably a sense of frustration which drove him to overwork and so exhaust himself. "The donkey in Carisbrook", writes to the Princess Royal in 1860, is my true counterpart. He, too, would rather munch thistles in the Castle Moat, than turn round in the wheel at the Castle Well; and small are the thanks he gets for his labour." For Albert chose the treadmill because, being human, he could not enjoy the thistles alone.

His letters reveal Albert as an affectionate husband, a devoted but over-anxious father, a careful and humane student of affairs; they throw light on his courage, his unselfishness, his faith and his fundamental and unquestionable goodness. They also go to justify the suspicion which the narrow-minded, ignorant, prejudiced Victorian middle classes entertained towards him, based though this was on entirely wrong reasons. They were entitled to distrust him, not because he would write to the king of Prussia as the German prince speaking to another, but because of the academic rigidity of his mind and the personal and political misunderstandings into which it led him. In Dr. Jägow's volume on German relations and friends predominate, and in his misreading of the German situation all his defects appear. Knowing, as he did, Prussian policy, the methods by which Prussia's power had been established, and the subordination of her middle classes to a military aristocracy, he was yet able to

look to her "one central authority, capable of defending law and liberty" as being the great hope for Germany, and to complain naively that she was seeking to Prussianize Germany instead of Germanizing herself. His superior knowledge and intellect were able to override the surer instincts of his wife and her Ministers.

That his lack of realism was due to lack of humour is an explanation acceptable to English minds. There is some evidence in support of it in his letters:—

"The day following we had our *bal costumé* of the Charles II. period, which went off really very brilliantly and transported us quite into his times. Yesterday I presided at the Jubilee Meeting of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel. . . ."

He could devote immense care to a subject and entirely misunderstand it. Thus in a long disquisition to his daughter on constitutional monarchy we find him recommending that the Sovereign should fix the principles of policy, leaving only responsibility for their execution to his ministers—and this only a year or two before Bagehot published his classic work on the Constitution. In short, both the letters and Mr. Bolitho's interesting, if rather slight, book, give us the same picture, of a man who took his knowledge of life from books rather than from the original.

W. T. WELLS

LAST STORIES, by Mary Butts.
Brendin Publishing Co. 5s.

NINE YEARS IS A LONG TIME, by Norah Hoult. *Heinemann. 7s. 6d.*

THE BEST SHORT STORIES OF 1938, Edited by Edward J. O'Brien. *Cape. 7s. 6d.*

After the Great War the clock stopped shortly after midnight, and a nightmare life prevailed. Walking in the Waste Land, wearing the bottoms of your trousers rolled and muttering to yourself or your straw-filled neighbour were the chief recreations. For there was

still a deathly hang-over, and those black post-war years were, for some, just crammed full of nothing but despair. Some groped about, vaguely communicating with their spiritually dumb neighbours, searching for some way out. Their salvation lay in bringing about a new Life or in leaving the world with a whimper. If you were not constantly attending your own funeral you would often find yourself following someone else's. It was a period epitomized by those two novels Johan Rabener's *Condemned To Live*, and Louis Ferdinand Céline's *Journey To The End of the Night*.

These last thirteen stories of Mary Butts are about people who have suffered the effects of this period of desolation—people whose struggle to achieve a spiritual, moral or intellectual integrity after the shattering effects of the war. For the most part they do not seem to get past a vain and cruel conflict with themselves. In the story *From Altar to Chimney-Piece* there is just such a character. Since the war he had never achieved full life again.

"*They castrated me,*" he used to tell himself. "*I'm just alive, but only just. I can't use all myself. Like a man who plays clock-golf perfectly, but not on the links. There must be a million or so like me.*" Mary Butts constantly poses the question—'How can these people get back?' That they get back is imperative, for, occasionally, one glimpses potentialities, great human potentialities, in these frustrated middle-class people that could bring about a great and real Civilization.

Of Norah Hoult one can say that her concern is a world of poor, pleasant and prudent puppets. If she is gossiping in idiomatic Irish about how some Tinkers dumped a corpse in an unpaid-for coffin there's an end to it. She will tell a story just for the telling of it and she is at home anywhere. From a drawing-room full of children, brimming with happiness, she will take you for a session with a roomful of bored, conventional adults. This jump is no mean feat—from Tinkers to Toddlers,

then away to a room supercharged with inhibitions—but it seems easy enough to Norah Hoult. I admire Norah Hoult as an artist who performs wonders on the flying trapeze.

Mr. Edward J. O'Brien states in the foreword to his annual fare that "inorganic fiction has been our cure in the past." and that this state of affairs will continue as long as we fail to exercise greater artistic discrimination. The stories, then, which Mr. O'Brien has selected, render literature "imaginatively in organic substance and artistic form." I feel the same might easily be said of a Stilton dressed to death by Messrs. Fortnum & Mason. However, Mr. E. J. O'Brien has succeeded in compiling a good representative standard of English and American short stories. Mulk Raj Anand has a story *On The Border*—one of the finest in the English section. Describing the annihilation of an Indian village, the terror of a woman searching among the flames for her child, Raj Anand, achieves a great deal more than "organic substance"—he indicts that imperialist inhumanity which expresses itself in the bombing of working-class or slave communities. Elizabeth Bowen, H. E. Bates, James Hanley and many other established authors are well represented. The American section, however, will be, to many, a Strangers' Gallery. The introduction is extremely valuable. Incidentally, William Saroyan and James Thurber are among those who are not present.

MAX WOOD.

JAPAN THE HUNGRY GUEST, by G. C. Allen. *Allen & Unwin* 10s. 6d.

IMPERIAL JAPAN, by A. Morgan Young. *Allen & Unwin*. 12s. 6d.

These two books form a good complement to each other, full of interest for general readers and indispensable for students of the internal throes, the prime cause of so much external misery through which Japan is passing.

Professor Allen's book is the more impressive because he has the deepest affection for the Japanese people, among whom he made many friends during his years as a professor at Goyô. When he left Japan in 1925 Liberalism was in the ascendant, Karl Marx was read and discussed as freely as any other social writer. When he returned in 1936 Liberalism had been added underfoot, press and platform resounded with bombast about Japan's imperial destiny, an Osaka manufacturer was afraid to give him information on economic facts without getting the Army's permission; and, symptomatically of the new spirit, a movement had begun to change the name of "Japan" to "Nippon" for foreign use, as it was "held to be derogatory of the country to be known abroad by a name derived from the Chinese pronunciation of the characters in which the Japanese wrote the name of their country".

The chapter entitled "Japan into Nippon" is particularly interesting, showing the struggle between Liberalism and the Army which culminated in the shameful mutiny in Tokyo on February 26, 1936, which, as Professor Allen says, "could never have occurred in a country in which acts of violence directed against unpopular persons were frowned upon by public opinion". The subsequent quarrels between Army and Diet were perhaps chiefly remarkable for the success of the Social Democrat candidates at the spring election of 1938—a party without organization, liable to have its meetings suppressed by the police at any moment and in a country where trade unions were forbidden. The background of this ominous fact is well shown in Professor Allen's fine chapters on economic conditions and the life of the working-classes. It is worth recalling that Belgium, with a greater density of population, supports her people on a higher standard of living than Japan, where indeed the standard is steadily declining.

Professor Allen hopes that the last impression of his readers will not be

"of the Japanese in their capacity as empire-builders, in which they reveal their worst qualities". Let the readers turn back to his earlier chapters in which he so charmingly describes the graces and merits of the Japanese people. But the plain fact is that they are going through nothing less than a dangerous revolution, the outcome of which fills their friends with alarm.

Mr. Morgan Young was for 14 years editor of the "Japan Chronicle", well known as an accurately informed and unflinching critic of the shortcomings of Japanese life. This book is a continuation of his former history of Emperor Taisho's reign, and it throws a lurid light on the Japanese *descensus Averno* since the movement towards Liberalism born of the Washington Conference and sedulously fostered by the high-minded Baron Shidehara. It is not possible to appreciate what is happening in Japan to-day unless one realizes that the Meiji Restoration was no true revolution. Feudalism merely changed its form, not its reality. The power once wielded by statesmen of the first rank—all dead except the aged Saionji—has been seized by a group of military fanatics, allied with a tyrannous bureaucracy and the most detestable police in the world. Mr. Morgan Young's description (unfortunately not to be doubted) of the savage treatment of those merely suspected of radical thought makes one's gorge rise. In contrast, a financier who swindles the public out of millions escapes with a nominal sentence, and political assassins are hailed as national heroes. At the trial of the murderers of Mr. Inouye and Baron Dan, the prosecutor himself is found making excuses for them, and one of the judges actually had to retire because the murderers complained that he had insulted them.

It is well to remember that there is another side to Japanese character, and there are other men of standing very different from those who now traduce her. How and when they will regain their influence is a crucial question, for Japan, and for the world.

O. M. GREEN.

HUMAN NEEDS IN MODERN SOCIETY

by B. T. Reynolds and R. G. Coulson.
Cape. 10s. 6d.

POLITICS AND MORALITY, by Don Luigi Sturzo. *Burns, Oates and Washbourne.* 7s. 6d.

The title of the first of these two books indicates what the authors believe to be the most important one among the many contributions they have to make; namely, a long discussion, in rather abstract terms, of the basis needs of human personality and the social means for their satisfaction. I am inclined to think, however, that the real value of this interesting and stimulating account does not lie at all in the authors' attempts at improving psychological and sociological theory. The first part, dealing with human needs in general, contains no more than a slight modification and popularization of MacDougall's psychology, and few psychologists will agree with so one-sided an approach to so vast a subject. Neither can the second part, called "a society in transition" and dealing with the social maladjustments of our time, claim much originality. It is the third part, called, quite misleadingly, "human needs and society to-day", which must attract the attention of all those concerned in any way with social welfare work. For this third part contains a detailed account of a very humble but very interesting experience.

Both the authors had been army officers dissatisfied with a peacetime officer's job, had both resigned service with the forces and had both, after many attempts at finding some humanly satisfactory occupation, joined hands in an effort at running unemployed classes on somewhat unusual lines. What the method really was, it is difficult to describe in a few words, for, again, the idea behind the experience is not very original. It is the practical success of the idea which makes the book so interesting. The experiment consisted, in the main, in gradually transforming classes into discussions, discussions into

absolutely informal conversations and conversations into entirely frank talk about every problem which might be important to the men concerned. The key to the authors' success obviously was this absolutely disinterested frankness, their "following the argument whithersoever it leads". There is nothing staggering in that precept, but those who know something about popular education will appreciate the enormous difficulties which beset an effort of putting it into practice. Had the authors did it, must be read in their own pages.

The final result, it seems, was a gradual disappearance of the barrier of shyness and prejudice which separated the members of their group from one another, and notably the two one-time officers from their unemployed friends. The authors describe what happened as the creation of a "wide self" in the men. They have no doubt that this widening and intensification of human contacts, and the breaking down of human barriers, led to an improvement of the general standard of the members of the group which, among other things, made it easier for them to find jobs. It is not so much the material fact of unemployment, the authors conclude, which is the chief misery of the unemployed, but their lack of real human contact, and the real understanding between members of different classes. This they regard as the chief evil of present-day society. Here many people will heartily agree. There may be legitimate doubts with regard to the possibility of extending such an experiment so as to make it an agent of profound social change. The authors believe in such a possibility but it would seem that their success is due not so much to the perfection of their recipes but to their personal qualities. But the creation of a new spirit of community is important, even within the narrowest boundaries, and wherever it happens something of the original Christian community has been created again, as the authors point out.

The problem Reynolds and Coulson approach from the angle of a small group, Don Luigi Sturzo, former leader of the democratic catholic party (Popolari) in Italy, approaches from the angle of statesmanship. How can the religious values of catholicism be maintained in the modern body politic? And in what sense does this body need a religious substructure in order to exist? For Don Sturzo, democracy and religion belong essentially together. For him, the anti-clericalism of most continental democracies was one chief reason of their breakdown. Democracy, in his view, can only exist where the eternal values taught by religion are respected. The core of democracy is the respect of the human personality, or more simply of the individual human soul. Therefore, for Don Sturzo, democracy is closely related to those mediæval societies which, while based upon a definite social hierarchy, respected every individual in its particular sphere.

Starting from these assumptions, Don Sturzo, in terms often recalling the formulæ of F. A. Voigt's *Unto Caesar* concludes to the absolute incompatibility between every form of christianity and any form of the totalitarian State. For the totalitarian state denies the value of the individual soul and *must* be anti-Christian.

This collection of articles written at various times, but all in the same spirit, deeply steeped in both modern political wisdom and in all the intellectual refinements of catholic moral theology, ought to be serious matter for reflexion to all those catholics who, in order to fight "red" bolshevism, accept the brown and black bolshevism of the various fascist brands. Don Sturzo's book is filled with an undertone of deep complaint about these tendencies so strong in present-day catholicism; tendencies which, while protecting the formal integrity of the catholic church—did not even that very successfully—sacrifice the substance of every basic element of Christianity.

F. BORKENAU.

STORY OF A LAKE, by Negley Farson.
Gollancz. 8s. 6d.

AFTER THE DEATH OF DON JUAN, by Sylvia Townsend Warner.
Chatto & Windus. 7s. 6d.

NOAH PANDRE'S VILLAGE, by Salman Schneour. *Chatto & Windus. 7s. 6d.*

SNAKE IN THE GRASS, by Martin Armstrong. *Gollancz. 7s. 6d.*

Negley Farson is a well-known journalist whose autobiography, *The Way of a Transgressor*, has been one of the principal successes in the recent flood of foreign correspondent memoirs. In *Story of a Lake* he makes his *début* as a novelist. This is a large, rambling, incoherent story of the life and loves of a foreign correspondent, and inevitably the plot is confused and distorted by invasions from Mr. Farson's autobiography. The hero may be fictitious in essence, but there are many occasions when he withdraws and leaves the stage to the author. These journalistic interpolations are never dull, and the best of them—notably, a

NOW READY

My Autumn Lists of

RECENT SECOND-HAND

PURCHASES

are now ready.

Many bargains in all subjects
await you.

Send a card today.

THOMAS J. GASTON,

76 STRAND, W.C.2

Phone : TEM. 3048

survey of American industrial problems—are of more worth than anything else in the book. Nevertheless, *Story of a Lake* professes to be a novel, and in terms of fiction these journalistic asides are an encumbrance. The fusion of fiction and autobiography is one of the hardest problems a novelist can face; Mr. Farson's headlong attempt produces a massive example of incompetence. The opening section is so muddled that the best course is to begin reading at Part 2. From this point Mr. Farson begins to get a grip on the structure of his story. The chief characters are interesting material: although Mr. Farson can make no satisfactory conclusion about them, he does preserve some of their real-life vitality. Perhaps because they are ambiguous, imperfectly understood, blurred with garish and hysterical colouring, they suggest one of Hollywood's romantic agonies on a modern theme. For all his ineptitude as a novelist, Mr. Farson has the good journalist's flair for roughing out a couple of sketches which Mr. Clark Gable and Miss Katherine Hepburn can glamourize for us later.

Miss Warner's *After The Death of Don Juan* is a windfall for the reader who wants something 'different'. Its wit and its ingenious plot are well out of the run of current fiction. Miss Warner has written a sequel to the Don Juan legend, beginning immediately after Juan's supposed descent into Hell. Doña Ana, whose murdered father handed Juan over to the devils, travels with her husband to Juan's father with the professed intention of breaking the sad news. Her theatrical and lachrymose piety, her husband's petty dullness, and the dilettante irony of Juan's father are all drawn with a delicately shaded wit. Miss Warner plays a dangerous game which might easily degenerate into burlesque, but she has the sureness of touch which will delight anyone with an eye for unobtrusive skill. The world of fine manners is deftly satirized, without the characters being robbed of their essential humanity. At the same time,

the repercussions of Juan's life on his father's peasants is gradually revealed; his extravagance deprives their holdings of the irrigation that is needed, and behind Juan is the amiable fecklessness of his father and a whole order of irresponsibility. The return of Juan focuses the deeper passions which have been veiled by the façade of political comedy, and the story ends in a abortive peasant rising.

The theme has obvious analogies with modern Spain, but even in the climax Miss Warner is not pulled over her course by propagandist sympathies.

Noah Pandre's Village takes us to another kind of rustic community, a predominantly Jewish village in White Russia. This is a society without sophistication, and the sketches of village characters have the pristine freshness of folk-balladry. Mr. Schneour writes with humour and an affectionate understanding of 'the little man', the itinerant bookseller, the ferryman, the coachman, the knacker. These quiet sketches are in the best tradition of regional fiction, evoking the life and spirit of a particular community. *Noah Pandre's Village* is within its limits, a very genuine achievement—somewhat reminiscent of Knud Hamsun's novels, though in a lighter vein. Mr. Schneour has the gift of entering into each one of the characters, sharing their interest in every detail of the articles they use and the scenes they inhabit. He speaks with a quiet voice, but I think he will make himself heard above the din of much rowdier novels.

In my judgment Martin Armstrong's *Snake in the Grass* has the wear and precision of a professional writer manufacturing books as a routine occupation. It is a commonplace chronicle of family building up a carpet-making business, a study of character in the factory, at home and in public affairs. Mr. Armstrong's style is as smooth and flat as a coin which by constant use has lost the sharp and vivid outline of its design.

A. DESMOND HAWKINS.

OUR CONTRIBUTORS

For the benefit of our many overseas readers we provide here each month a brief sketch by way of introduction of our contributors to THE FORTNIGHTLY public.

The British Government's recent movements with regard to assistance to this country's export trade reveal an unwilling but necessary appreciation of the connexion between commerce and prestige. But, prestige, we are fully realizing, can no longer be left to take care of itself. And, little by little, England is equipping itself to meet, in the sphere of "propaganda", the formidable challenge of rival countries completely free from our inhibitions. Following on the article "Publicity by Stealth" by Montgomery Clift, which we published last year, we are fortunate to be able to include this month a personal contribution by a distinguished public servant who has long been associated with this work. The name of **Sir Arthur Willert** is familiar to our readers. After twelve years' service with *The Times*—he was its Correspondent in U.S.A. during the World War, with an interval as Secretary in Washington of the British Mission and as Washington representative of the Ministry of Information—he was drafted into the Foreign Office and was for many years Press Officer and head of its News Department. Since his retirement from this post he has made a considerable contribution for himself as writer and speaker on matters of foreign policy and international publicity.

In its task of mobilization of the nation for twentieth-century service, the Chamberlain's Government still

reveals a lamentable lack of 'drive'. Hence British politics are still in a state of flux—or perhaps 'surge' is the more appropriate term, since the clamour for a National Opposition resounds with still greater force. The case is briefly stated by **J. T. Murphy**, who writes from a long-standing inside knowledge of the Labour Party and the trade unions. He is one of the growing number of men of progressive thought who appreciate the need for lifting the vehicle of British politics out of the old ruts.

One measure which must, however, redound greatly to the credit of the present Government, is Sir Samuel Hoare's Criminal Justice Bill. We have asked one of England's leading experts on this subject of penal reform, **Margery Fry** to contribute a commentary on the Bill. Margery Fry has had a remarkable career of public service—as Warden of University House, Birmingham, 1904—14, then after war service with the Quakers, as Principal of Somerville College, Oxford, 1916—31, as Member of various Government Commissions—and is still gathering laurels. She was appointed in 1937, for example a Governor of the B.B.C. But her main sphere of work has always been that of penal reform, following in the footsteps of her distinguished grandmother, to whom Sir Samuel Hoare is also related.

Octavia Hill, another distinguished woman of an earlier generation, is the

subject of a centenary article from a cousin—the only surviving relative, apparently, bearing the same name. W. Thomson Hill has been gathering material for a biography of Octavia Hill, and he is able to give us an authoritative contribution on two lesser-known aspects of her work. It is fitting that THE FORTNIGHTLY, which published so much of her earlier papers, should include this worthy tribute.

If we have given prominence this month to articles of 'domestic' import, it is not that the international arena presents any more convincing picture of 'peace on earth and goodwill towards men'. In Italy, whither Mr. Chamberlain will shortly be making his way, the mood, as depicted by Sylvia Saunders is certainly not encouraging. The author was formerly a correspondent in Italy for the *Manchester Guardian* and, by periodical visits, keeps up her lively interest in that country's dynamic development.

Elizabeth Monroe, who sketches on a broader canvas German aspirations in the Mediterranean area, has scarcely any need of introduction. For many years she has been a principal member of the Information Department of Chatham House (Royal Institute of International Affairs), and her recent book 'The Mediterranean in Politics' has, rightly, earned general commendation. She was among the contributors to the recent important series of broadcast talks on the Mediterranean in the National programme.

The article on Dr. Negrin's Thirteen Points is perhaps more timely than most people realize. When they were

first proclaimed last May they did not get the attention they deserved in England or in France, where minds were prepared for an early Franco victory. Subsequent events have effectively confuted that idea, and any one who has recently visited Government Spain must realize that the principles and practice of the Negrin régime are such as to appeal to all patriotic Spaniards who are appalled at the ravages of foreign intervention. W. C. Atkinson is an old contributor of THE FORTNIGHTLY. He is Professor of Spanish at the University of Glasgow, and wrote a very good little historical primer on Spain two or three years ago.

Robert Machray is another old friend. His first-hand account of developments in the Baltic region confirms the general impression that the German colossus already effectively dominates Europe. People who talk lightly of this seem to forget that Britain is in Europe.

The affairs of Europe have over-shadowed all else in recent months. But readers of newspapers may recollect the sudden flare-up of 'the Irish question' in the form of pronouncements from Mr. De Valera and Lord Craigavon at the end of October. Harold Brown, Dublin journalist, provides an admirable conspectus of the eternal problem of Irish Unity.

The paper on the American Novel by Michael Sadleir is based on an address to the English Speaking Union some months ago. The author is, of course, the son of Sir Michael Sadler. He is well known as author, critic and publisher, and has been a Director of Constables since 1920.

THE FORTNIGHTLY BAZAAR

No doubt it will be remembered that last month there appeared on the inside back cover of THE FORTNIGHTLY an appeal for the Middlesex Hospital, built by the generosity of the public, but now lacking in the necessary funds for maintenance. Could anything be more tormenting? The hospital was rebuilt in 1935 and greatly enlarged. There are now 602 beds open, as opposed to about 400 in 1924. There is space for the opening of another 100 beds *if and when funds are available*. The Hospital is poorly endowed, receiving approximately £26,000 per annum, or one seventh of its annual expenditure. For the rest the Hospital must rely on the generosity of the public and on the contributions which the patients, often out of very restricted incomes, can afford to make towards their treatment. Each in-patient costs £5 4s. per week, although the maximum of economy consistent with efficiency is practised. This cost is due in part to the great cost of maintaining such departments as the X-Ray Diagnostic, where over 50,000 films are taken in a year, and the Meyerstein Institute of Radio-Therapy, by the installation of which the Hospital can claim to possess a unit for the treatment of cancer by radium and X-Rays second to none in Europe. To readers of THE FORTNIGHTLY it should be a privilege to give whatever they can to the great cause for which the Middlesex Hospital is working. We have used the word *generosity*, when referring to the public, but there is little question that where the work of hospitals is concerned, and especially in this case where there is cancer to be fought, it is not a question of generosity but one of urgent need.

* * * * *

The Exhibition of Scottish Art opens at the Royal Academy on January 6. His Majesty the King has consented to lend a number of works to the exhibition in addition to a collection of Scottish weapons. Many other important collectors have lent important works, including the Earl of Strathmore who lends from Glamis a portrait of Her Majesty the Queen's grandmother, Frances Dora Countess of Strathmore, by Robert Herdman. George Jamesone, Scotland's earliest native painter, will be represented by seven works including a self-portrait in which he is shown wearing his hat. Charles I. granted Jamesone the privilege of wearing his hat in the Royal presence when he painted the King's portrait and thereafter he wore his hat in all company. The exhibition will be worth much more than a fashionable visit.

* * * * *

Major Charles Van der Byl of Wappenham House, Towcester, founded the Fur Crusade and Humane Trapping Campaign in 1929, and it has now encircled the world. He was a personal friend of Grey Owl, and they had agreed to help each other in their work of protecting the creatures of the wild. Major Van der Byl says that he cannot understand how any woman can be induced to wear these skins after listening to Grey Owl or reading his books,

and he advises anyone, who has not done so, to read *Pilgrims of the Wild*. Major Van der Byl continues to send out free leaflets at the rate of well over a thousand a week. These contain a White list of furs which have not been obtained by torture and may therefore be worn with a fairly clear conscience. He asks for help in his campaign.

* * * * *

There is still time to see the "Babes in the Wood", a political pantomime at the Unity Theatre. The robbers, of course, are Hit and Muss, the wicked uncle—equally of course—Mr. Neville Chamberlain, but it is the weakness of the English character, or possibly its greatness, that it sees the funny side even of power-politics. Sincerity is the corner stone of all Unity theatre productions but even Mr. Chamberlain could not fail to be amused by his living caricature, who struts about the stage carrying his umbrella and assuring the children that everything will be all right this time. The production is splendidly entertaining from start to finish, the chorus singing excellent, and some of the individual performances and the individual songs first-rate.

* * * * *

Your attention is drawn to the "Special Peace Number" of *The Aryan Path*, which is regarded as a contribution by the Editors of that paper to the solution of the many problems which must be dealt with for the establishment and maintenance of world peace. The contents include, "The Foundations of European Peace" by Sir Norman Angell; "Right Economics for World Peace", by Richard B. Gregg; "Educating for Peace: Community of Blood or Community of Thought?" by H. N. Brailsford; "Organizing for Peace: Free Trade and Disarmament" by C. E. M. Joad; and "The Churches and World Peace: The Betrayal of Christ" by Gerald Bullett. Other contributors are Hamilton Fyfe, Stella Gibbons, Hermon Ould, James Truslow Adams, Cecil Roth, Kwaja Ahmad Abbas, William Harrison and Dr. L. P. Jacks.